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THE BUCCANEERS

AND THEIR

REIGN OF TERROR

AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY

BY

C. M. STEVANS

ILLUSTRATED BY

LOUIS BRAUNHOLD

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INTRODUCTORY

The roar of American guns against Spanish tyranny in the West Indies was the accompaniment of a brilliant and marvelous spectacle, as well as the completing victory of the most extended struggle for liberty against a single power, since the beginning of history. But the general public is not familiar with the fact that many more desperate and extraordinary battles have been fought in those seas. The conflicts were far less spectacular than the one that drove Spain from its last foothold in the Western Hemisphere, but they were more daring, doubtful and cruel. The warfare was not between superbly equipped ironclad war-ships with thirteen-inch guns, but usually between a sloop filled with uncouth musketeers, and one or more Spanish galleons bearing half a score of three or four-pounders. Sometimes the uncouth men, known as Buccaneers, were crowded in a canoe, and the vessel they were capturing was a Spanish war-ship.

Considering that Spain in the time of her greatest weakness fought so desperately and madly against giving independence to Cuba, it could well be a matter of curious speculation, to those who have not heretofore been interested in the West Indies, how Spain, in the greatness of her national power, came to allow half a dozen nations to appropriate all but the two islands freed by American intervention.

Clearly some startling history is connected with

this distribution of ownership. Such valuable property could not be relinquished by Spain to rival nations and hated enemies without tragic conflicts. If patriotism dictated a hopeless and destructive war to save the national honor in the demand of the United States that Cuba should be free, what a death struggle must have occurred when England, France and Holland secured such valuable possessions from Spain!

For more than a hundred years, the West Indies was an empire of anarchy, in which revenge was the religion, avarice the greatest virtue, and cruelty the chief badge of heroism. History is in no part supposed to be the rival of romance, or to surpass in exciting and dramatic scenes the fields of fiction, but the story of the Buccaneers and their reign of terror goes beyond both fiction and romance into the amazing realities of cruelty and crime, defeat and conquest, startling exploits, and heroic adventure.

Many a celebrated novelist has tried his art on the extraordinary characters and events developed in that marvelous combination of anarchy and socialism, which paralyzed the power of Spain in America. But the romance of the writer could not rival the interest of that which had in reality occurred. To place the best that is known of this wonderful record of facts clearly before the public, original research and investigation have been made by the author into the annals of those times, as recorded in the voyages, travels and new-world histories of Spain, France, Holland, Portugal and England. A flowing, gossipy style of story is used, so that the horrors of torture and massacre *may be less* garish and revolting, while the superb

courage and daring may be more fairly appreciated. The record of many of the adventures and exploits of the Buccaneers has been lost forever, but enough is known to distinguish them as the strangest characters that the world has ever produced. Their influence on the European colonization of America and on the ultimate destiny of the Western Hemisphere can never be even approximately ascertained; but, from a few wild hunters in Hayti, they arose, through insufferable Spanish persecution, to be a horde of such furious and implacable foes as to drive Spanish commerce from the seas and ravage with torture, massacre, robbery and destruction the whole coast of the continent. While they were depleting the resources of Spain in the New World, other nations entered the forbidden domain, and Spanish supremacy began to wane. The strange people known as the Buccaneers cannot be judged from their wonderful exploits alone; therefore in this history are given such stories as illustrate the current of their lives and show the prominent traits of character that made them the terror of the Spanish Main.

The thrilling narratives of their adventures, as originally told, are widely scattered through half a dozen languages, and from these have been taken such as most interestingly and accurately present the marvelous career of the Buccaneers, and afford a just estimate of their character, exploits and achievements against the most hated nation of the seventeenth century.

Few things are more interesting than the superstitions, pastimes and domestic life of the Buccaneers. The phantoms of the sea tortured them continually.

Their rough hilarity was often fatal, and such homes as they had presented a strange contrast of native squalor and stolen luxury.

From Sir Francis Drake, in 1572, to Jean Lafitte, in 1821, and Benito De Soto in 1828, is a long descent in history, but between them, in the same field of events, are many remarkable men, not so greatly differing from them in character and purpose. They range all the way in power from Pierre Le Grand, the first of the Buccaneers, with his canoe manned by twenty-six Hispaniola hunters, to Sir Henry Morgan, the King of Buccaneers, with thirty-seven ships and two thousand fighting men. But far more interesting than these are L'Olonnois the Cruel, Montbar the Exterminator, Blackbeard the dime-novel hero, Roberts the Spectacular, Davis the Strategist, Avery and Kidd the overestimated, Mary Reed and Annie Bonney the female Buccaneers, Misson the knight errant, Caraccioli the Don Quixote of the seas, Bras de Fer the Gentleman, Portugues, who could not be hanged, and De Soto, last of the sea-monsters. A host of lesser lights make the scene of their achievements glitter with startling stories exemplifying the reign of terror that prevailed upon the seas and along the Spanish Main.

CHAPTER I

WILD HUNTERS OF HISPANIOLA

The arc of islands extending from Venezuela to Florida has a continuous history of bloodshed and terror. From the landing of Columbus at San Salvador to the destruction of Cervera's fleet at Santiago, the West Indies have been an endless scene of calamity and crime. During a century of that time this central sea of islands was a swarming hive of the most remarkable desperadoes that the world has ever known. Their hatred of Spain amounted to a frenzy. They called themselves "Brethren of the Coast," but Spanish subjects spoke of them only as "Demons of the Sea."

Spain boasted that it was her divine mission and will to enslave all heathen and heretic nations. In the characteristic exercise of this intolerance, she established a vampire dominion in America which cost the subjugated territory more than thirty million lives. The struggle against her cruel rapacity and merciless greed was begun by the feeble Caribs when she entered the Western Hemisphere, and, after four centuries under the talons of her Inquisition and oppression, the final act of ejectment was completed

by the powerful American republic to save the farmers of Cuba. Meanwhile the conquest, occupation and expulsion of Spain have been a pestilence of injury to American development, while calling forth some of the most daring and heroic deeds that have ever been recorded in the savage antagonisms of men. Tudor captains, famous in English history; privateers, bearing at their mast-heads the colors of England, Holland or France; Buccaneers, creeping with murderous daring along the coasts; and corsairs boldly flying the black flag—all delighted alike in carrying terror and devastation to the subjects of Spain.

There was a hundred years' carnival of cruelty and glory, disaster and victory, pillage and ransom, massacre and retaliation, which swept Spanish commerce from the western seas and ravaged the Spanish Main with fire and sword, from Florida around Cape Horn to California.

The most powerful nation in Europe was unable to prevent its western possessions from becoming a scene of unmitigated

> "Blight and famine, plague and earthquake,
> Roaring deep and fiery sands,
> Clanging fights, and flaming towns;
> Sinking ships and praying hands."

Until a quarter of a century after the discovery of America no foreign vessel ventured to approach the West Indies, where Spain asserted exclusive dominion.

In 1517 England sent two ships to visit the Great Cham of Tartary. Being separated by a storm, one reached the coast of Brazil, and then sailed northward into the Caribbean Sea and anchored off a port *in San Domingo*. The captain asked leave to come

ashore and trade. As such an intruder had never before been known in those waters, the request was forwarded to the *audiencia*, or supreme court of the island. Meantime the *castellano* or governor of the castle became so much incensed at the audacious presence of the stranger that before the answer of the *audiencia* could arrive, he trained the guns of the castle upon the vessel and drove it away. That a foreign ship had been allowed to sail unscathed through Spanish seas caused great inquietude at Madrid, and the *castellano* was severely censured for not seizing the bold intruder, so that he might not live to boast in Europe of such a feat. An edict was issued declaring all such trespassers to be pirates, and commanding that they should henceforth be treated as such. Pope Alexander VI confirmed this claim when he issued his famous Bull of Donation, threatening the excommunication of all who presumed to encroach upon the divine rights of Spain in America.

In answer to the complaints of a Spanish ambassador concerning the infringements of the English, Queen Elizabeth of England struck the chord of European opposition by saying: "I do not see why my subjects should be debarred from traffic in America, nor will I acknowledge titles given by the Bishop of Rome to lands of which Spain is not in actual possession."

In a prophetic way, Thomas Gage, an English priest sent to Mexico, wrote previous to 1648: "The Pope's donation excepted, I know of no title that the Spaniard hath but force, which by the same title and a greater force may be expelled. And to say that the inhuman *butchery* which the Indians did formerly

commit in sacrifice of so many reasonable creatures to their wicked idols was a sufficient warrant for the Spaniards to divest them of their country, the same argument may by much better reason be enforced against the Spaniards themselves, who have sacrificed so many millions to the idols of their barbarous cruelty."

The broad assumption and arrogant intolerance of Spain is well stated by Hakluyt, a writer of that time, who says: "Whoever is conversant with the Portuguese and Spanish writers shall find that they account all other nations for pirates, rovers and thieves which visit any heathen coast that they have sailed by or looked upon."

The exploits of Cortez in Mexico and Pizarro in Peru opened such glorious fields of adventure and wealth that the islands were neglected for the continent, and when Spain awoke to the menace of foreign colonists in the central sea it was too late.

Francisco Preciado, a noted character of that time, declared that there was "enough country to conquer and plunder for a thousand years;" but the desperate struggle begun by the natives was continued by those who took their places, until at the end of four hundred and six years, Spain was driven by the enlightened conscience of an American republic from her last foothold of plunder in the Western Hemisphere.

The English vessel driven from San Domingo in 1517 was followed by other adventurous vessels during the interval of the following century, but it was not until James Warner, in 1625, under authority from James I of England, landed a party of settlers on the island of St. Christopher, that Europe began seriously

to set at naught the authority of Spain in the West Indies. In the same year (some historians assert that it was by common consent, and on the same day) a party of Frenchmen also settled on the island.

In 1630 Frederick de Toledo, on his way to drive the Dutch from Brazil, was directed by the Spanish governor to stop at St. Christopher and massacre the French and English colonists. This was done, without regard to age or sex, and every vestige of habitation was destroyed.

The few who were absent or had escaped at the first alarm to neighboring islands, soon convinced the English, French and Dutch scattered along the bow of Lesser Antilles that they must organize for perpetual reprisal and retaliation against the Spaniards, or be exterminated.

Some Norman French, about the time of the settlement on St. Christopher, went west to Hispaniola in a trading vessel from Dieppe, and the Dutch promised to furnish them all needful supplies in exchange for hides and meat yielded by the swine and cattle running wild in the forests of Hispaniola, the offspring of those which escaped from settlements abandoned during the previous century by the Spaniards.

These hunters, in 1630, had become generally known as Buccaneers, from their manner of curing meat by means of smoke, and the Dutch traders were called sea-rovers or filibusters, because their traffic was unauthorized and in defiance of Spanish law. Several historians refer to the word *buccaneer* as being derived from a native Carib or Haitian word designating the house in which meat was smoked for preservation. A French *philologist very* plausibly asserts that it origi-

nated from "boucane," which he claims to have been Norman patois for smoke, as used by the first Buccaneers, who were Norman French.

Murray, the English philologist and lexicographer, says that it came from the word "bucan," a Tupi or allied Brazilian word for the framework or hurdle on which meat is roasted, and was brought into use in the West Indies by the English, French and Dutch from Guiana.

But the origin given to the word by Spanish authorities is most interesting. They say that it is derived from the low Latin word "hircus," he-goat, a term used in the first century of the middle ages by the Norman French. Owing to the peculiar pronunciation of the Normans it became changed into "buccus," from which the modern French get the word "bouc," he-goat—figuratively, a licentious man, the goat having been in all ages the satirical symbol for licentiousness and filth. The word "boucan" came to mean not only a house for goats, but any house sheltering licentious, filthy and abandoned characters.

The first European visitors to the wild hunters of Hispaniola found them living in rude huts, in which was an enormous fireplace, where meat and hides were hung up to be smoked and dried for preservation. Smoke filled these abodes, and the stench was unendurable to a civilized man. Because of their filthy and licentious life, their houses were called "boucans," and they received the name "boucaniers."

Whatever truth there may be in the different theories of origin, the word was a cant and accidental *term which* became the historical name for all the

pirates and privateers ravaging the Spanish dominion from their unassailable retreat in the West Indies.

Angered at the unauthorized intrusion of Dutch traders and Norman hunters, the Spaniards organized a fleet of revenue cutters, called *guardacostas*. They were ordered to cruise continually around the islands of the Caribbean Sea and along the Spanish Main. Every vessel they met that could not show proper Spanish authority for being in western waters, or that had on board any contraband goods whatever, was to be taken and every person put to the sword.

The brutal mission of the *guardacostas* often tragically failed. Sometimes the vessel they attacked sent them ignominiously to the bottom of the sea, and it is on record that even the cattle-hunters' *piraguas* often beat them off. In one instance, related by a voyager of that time, a *piragua* loaded with hides and containing six Hispaniola hunters, was intercepted off the western end of Haiti by a sloop of the *guardacostas* containing a score of men and a mounted gun. The hunters threw their cargo overboard and primed their heavy muskets with the intention of selling their lives as dearly as possible. The fight lasted half an hour, and they had been able to pick off three or four of their pursuers before a shot from the cannon struck the *piragua* and sunk it.

One of the hunters, when he rose to the surface, found himself directly under the bow of the sloop. Near him a rope attached to the anchor was dragging in the water. He caught it as it was sweeping by, and knotted a loop through which he thrust his arm for greater security in maintaining his precarious hold.

It was near sundown, and the sloop ran into a

well sheltered inlet and cast anchor. Presently a little surf-boat was lowered from the vessel, and three men went ashore. Two, with strings of water-calabashes on their shoulders, went in search of fresh water, while the other, after building a fire and preparing some meat to roast, began to look for fruit and nuts.

While he was gathering some mangoes, a blow from a club felled him to the ground, and the escaped hunter armed himself with the lance and cutlass of his victim.

As the water-carriers were returning, under the weight of their calabashes, the rear man was run through with a lance, and as the survivor turned to see the cause of his comrade's fall, the sudden stroke of a cutlass almost severed his head from his body.

The hunter then tied together a bundle of pine-knots thick with rosin and saturated it with grease from the roasting meat. Making a funnel of some bark, he filled it half full of hot ashes and then put in some live coals which he covered carefully with more hot ashes.

The tropical night had fallen quickly, and under cover of the darkness he stowed his funnel of fire and the inflammable bundle, augmented by several arm-loads of dry sticks, into the surf-boat, and rowed noiselessly out to the sloop. On the rudder, projecting above the water, he fixed firmly his mass of inflammable materials. In this he placed the live coals, and blew them to a flame. Rowing back to the shore, he took a position where he could see the growing fire eat into the stern of the vessel. A strong breeze acted on the coals like a blacksmith's bellows, boring the clear fire into the wood with such speed that in a few

THE WILD HUNTER—DANCING IN FEROCIOUS DELIGHT

minutes the flames were pouring into the interior and wrapping themselves over the sides of the sloop.

The frightened Spaniards rushed from the cabin, where they were smoking and gaming, only to see that the vessel was beyond saving. They endeavored to lower a boat, but the flames drove them away. Some began to hunt for their valuables, while others sprang overboard to swim ashore. But, as the chronicler relates, the flames that consumed the sloop made the woods as bright as day and revealed the wild hunter, with a lance in one hand and a cutlass in the other, dancing in ferocious delight as he killed every man that reached the shore.

More serious to the Spaniards than the occasional loss of a *guardacostas* and its crew, was the famous case of Jenkins' ear.

Jenkins was a Scotch trader, whose vessel was boarded off the coast of Hispaniola by the *guarda-costas*. With the usual insolence and insult they examined his commission and made a useless search for contraband goods. Enraged because they could find no plausible pretext for slaying British subjects, they began to harass and maltreat the crew so shamefully that Captain Jenkins was forced to interfere. Then they turned their abusive attention to him. Being outnumbered three to one, the trader dared not resent the abuse, expecting every moment to hear an order for their massacre. The Spaniards were unable to provoke an act by which they could excuse the slaughter of legally equipped British subjects. But, as the Spanish captain was about to leave the vessel with his men, he drew his sword, and saluting the captain, brandished it about the Scotchman's head and clipped off his ear.

"There, sir," said the Spaniard, picking up the severed member from the floor and handing it with an obsequious bow to the owner, "you have my compliments. Carry this to your king, and tell him that we will do the same to him should he ever dare to trespass on our domain."

Captain Jenkins returned to London with the message and the ear. He traveled all over England, arousing the people with his stories of Spanish arrogance and abuse. At last he was invited to tell his story to parliament.

"What did you think when you found yourself in the hands of those barbarians?" asked a member of parliament.

Holding aloft the ear, he cried in a stentorian voice, "I recommended my soul to God and my cause to my country!"

The anger of England swept parliament off its feet, and the complacent disregard of Spanish insolence in the West Indies came quickly to an end. Demands were made on Spain which led to war in a few months, after which that nation found itself on the next lower step toward the lowest place among the powers, while other colonists were able more firmly to establish themselves in the islands and on the continent. But the *guardacostas*, although confined in their operations more closely to strictly Spanish waters, continued their almost unbearable intolerance until driven from the seas by the Buccaneers.

Early in 1636 a French privateer from Martinique reached Havana with one vessel. Seven hundred ducats was demanded and paid as a ransom for the town. The next day three war-ships from Mexico

arrived, and in great haste set off in pursuit of the pirate. A few days later the three war-ships returned, but they were commanded by the French, who assured the people of their distinguished consideration for having been presented with three such fine vessels. However, the French declared that they felt assured that the people of Havana would further enhance that distinguished consideration by giving them another souvenir of seven hundred ducats. There was prompt compliance under the guns of three war-ships manned by such polite and amiable men.

In 1638, the Spanish government, unable to subjugate the hunters of Haiti, determined to exterminate them. To that end the bloody work of the *guarda-costas* was supplemented on land by the formation of ten bands each composed of fifty mounted lancers. They were armed with pistols, sabres and lances. The guns of that period were too cumbersome and heavy to be carried on horseback.

If anything was lacking to complete the detestation and hatred in implacable and desperate men, it was quickly furnished by the unmitigated atrocities of these merciless bands of "Spanish fifties." They were no respecters of person, age, sex or nationality, and with their advent began the reign of anarchy and terror which for so many generations made the West Indies the plague-spot of the world.

The "fifties" never dared to meet the Buccaneers in open fight, but always resorted to surprise and stratagem. The Buccaneers' guns, four and one-half feet long, and carrying ounce balls, were too deadly to be faced openly. These guns were prepared for their special service by the renowned gun-makers, Brachie

of Dieppe and Gelu of Nantes. Russel, a historian of the West Indies, says that some of their guns were by special order made to carry balls weighing a pound or more. In the military museums of Europe some of these weapons are still preserved.

Many stories are told of the fear which the "fifties" had for the Buccaneers' guns. In one instance a Buccaneer and his companion were surprised in an open space by a band of lancers. The two men leveled their guns, and the horsemen began to circle around them, out of range. Then the Buccaneers turned themselves back to back, ready to bring down the first advancing horsemen. In their skull-caps on the ground they deposited their ammunition and stood braced for the assault that never came. After maneuvering for an hour or more well out of range, the lancers concluded that it was best to run away and thus live to fight another day.

A well authenticated story relates that two "fifties" once surprised a camp of a dozen Buccaneers on the beach about two miles from any adequate protection against charging horsemen. The evening before, through some neglect, a soaking rain had wet their powder, and they were engaged in drying it when the lancers appeared. They seized their empty guns and leveled them at the horsemen as if determined to make a desperate defense. The chargers stopped and then retreated out of range. Three of the hunters then calmly gathered up the camp outfit and started for the forest, escorted by their comrades. The lancers swept round them and made several efforts to charge, but every time their courage weakened before *the threatening* guns, and they circled around well

out of range. These dramatic demonstrations continued until the forest was reached, where the Buccaneers in wild glee danced about and shouted their derision to the chagrined Spaniards, who saw, by the unmistakable signs of the hunters, that their guns had been powderless and harmless.

The best story coming down to us illustrative of those times, relates that a score of French hunters on the northern coast of Haiti, finding themselves menaced by the "fifties," contrived a singular death-trap for their ruthless enemies.

They found a wide gorge half a mile in length, running through a low, precipitous cliff overhanging the sea. The entrance was not more than thirty feet wide, and near it they made their camp. In the rainy season a stream of water flowed over the broad bed, but in the dry season the sandy gravel made an admirable roadway through to the bay. Their first care was to pile up logs as high as they could against the sides just within the gorge, so that they would fall forward and choke up the entrance when they were set on fire. Interspersed among them was the most inflammable material to be found in the forest. Fifty feet above this, on top of the bluff on each side was placed more of similar material which could be set on fire and pushed over. This would serve the double purpose of a signal beacon and of a means to make the entrance impassable. Concealed on a ledge under the overhanging rocks, at the other end of the passageway, was a light boat capable of holding the ten men who took turns remaining each day to defend the camp and storehouse, while the others were away hunting.

One day the ten defenders of the camp discov-

ered a semicircle of a hundred horsemen closing in upon them, two "fifties," with lances poised and horses coming at the top of their speed. One of the hunters secreted himself in the pile of logs while the others gathered up their guns and ran with all possible haste down the gorge. The lancers followed them with slackened speed, however, and considerable caution, fearing an ambush. But the running Buccaneers were in plain view, and the lancers thundered on down the passageway till they drew up their panting horses in the edge of the surf and saw the fugitives sitting contemptuously in their boat just out of reach. Enraged at not being able to get the men, a company was left to watch them while the others went back to destroy the camp and storehouse. At a turn in the gorge a remarkable sight met their eyes. The whole entrance seemed to be covered by a mass of yellow flame, and a bright fire was just shooting up from a huge pile of logs on the bluff above. Not comprehending the situation, they rode up to the wall of fire and looked stupidly at it. In a few minutes they heard their companions riding furiously toward them from the rear.

"The Buccaneers are escaping around the bluff to the shore," they cried, and then stopped short at the spectacle before them.

At this moment a man stepped from behind the fire on the bluff and leveled his gun. As the sound of its discharge rolled through the gorge, a lancer fell from his horse mortally wounded.

Realizing the desperate situation, the panic-stricken lancers spurred their horses in a mass toward the fire *in an effort to ride* through it. But the horses in

THE PANIC STRICKEN LANCERS SPURRED THEIR HORSES TOWARD THE FIRE, ETC.

front fell upon the burning logs and threw their riders over into the fire from which they never arose. The other horses in a wild stampede wheeled and ran back to the sea in an ungovernable mass. But the waves and the rocky walls were utterly impassable. Gaining control of their horses, the lancers urged them back over the half-mile way, scanning the sides to see if there was not some pathway to the top. A joyful shout announced that one had been found. The Spaniards leaped from their horses and began to climb upward. Half-way to the top the ones in advance were crushed backward by falling stones. Others pressed forward, but met the same fate. Then they scattered in every direction and tried to climb the rugged walls in a score of places at once. But their best efforts were unavailing.

At this time the forms of the Buccaneers from the boat appeared at the edge above, and the roar of their big guns rumbled over the gorge, bringing death at every sound.

"Let us rush through the fire," some one cried, and a stampede of the desperate men was made to get through the barrier of flames. Many of them leaped upon the blazing logs, only to go down under a rain of fire poured from the bluff above. Others endeavored to find hiding-places, but there were Buccaneers on both sides of the gorge who knew every rock and crevice along the whole half-mile of the death-trap, so that the Spaniards were picked off at leisure.

Night came on as a respite, but bright bonfires illuminated every possible place of escape, while the entrance was kept at an impassable heat by means of burning wood pushed over the sides of the bluff.

The next morning the miserable wretches that still survived raised a white flag, and cried for quarter, but the wild hunters of Hispaniola had never seen an act of mercy. The cowering enemies, kneeling together and holding aloft the white emblem, had never withheld a stroke that could kill a Buccaneer, and their appeal was only a craven reminder of their own unmitigated brutality. Besides, the Buccaneers had no way to keep prisoners, and to free these enemies was only to add that many men to the ranks of exterminating pursuers. Such a thing as Spaniards praying for quarter had never been seen before by them. They gloated over the spectacle for a moment, and then a fierce shout of joy mingled with the roar of their guns, and the few remaining wretches were soon killed.

The Buccaneers had no use for horses, and those that were found shivering at the far end of the gorge were turned out to run wild or to return to whence they came with their mute story of a remarkable retaliation.

The crimes of these Spanish "fifties" perpetrated in the attempt to exterminate the wild, uncouth cattle-hunters of Hispaniola, and the unbearable insolence of the *guardacostas* towards the English, French and Dutch traders and settlers of the West Indies, caused that quenchless thirst for vengeance in unconquerable men, and cost untold lives and treasure during more than a hundred years of the most amazing reprisals that the history of greed and hate has ever known.

The Spaniards on the eastern side of the Haitian *mountains often* went hunting in gay parties, followed

by a pack of half a hundred or more bloodhounds. Much more pleasure was taken in setting the hounds upon the trail of a hunter and his *engagé* than upon that of any other game in the way of their chase. It was much more exciting to see the dogs tear a man to pieces than a boar. They looked upon this enemy as worse than a beast. To be sure, he was ugly and uncouth. He was as savage as he was stubborn and unconquerable.

Exquemelin, the Dutch Buccaneer historian, says that he had seen them returning from a hunting expedition looking like men who had been working ten days in a slaughter-house without washing.

Dampier, an English sea-rover, describing the Buccaneers in the history of his voyages, says: "When they have killed a beef, they cut it into four quarters, and, taking out the bones, each man makes a hole in the middle of a quarter, through which he inserts his head; thus carrying it like a frock, he trudgeth home. If he chances to tire from the heaviness of his load, he cuts off a part and flings it away."

The dress of the original Buccaneers consisted of a short skirt and leggins made from the untanned hide of a bull. They wore skull-caps and moccasins made from the untanned leg skin of a boar.

The *guardacostas* and the Spanish "fifties" not only failed to exterminate these wild hunters, but their numbers and the profits of their traffic grew with each succeeding year.

The fame of these men without families, home or country, and subject to no laws of man or God, was spread through Europe by returning sailors, and many dare-devils sought that life as an escape from the

requirements and restrictions of their native land. Besides, many of the Buccaneers became capitalists in a small way and needed servants. A species of apprenticeship became the custom. A three years' servitude, frequently more severe than the bondage of any modern slavery, was equivalent to the price of passage across the ocean and provided an apprenticeship that guaranteed in time all the rights of an independent Buccaneer. These *engagés*, as they were called, became for three years the absolute property of the Buccaneer who paid the captain for their passage over. Fabulous stories told by returning sailors concerning the wonders of the West Indies, led many adventurous young men of good birth to sell themselves as *engagés*. The three years' work was usually a dreadful service, under brutalized masters. It is related that one remonstrated because he was not allowed a single rest day in the year. In his argument he said: "Does not God in his ten commandments say, 'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work?' "

"But I say in one commandment," cried the angered master, "that six days thou shalt kill bulls and on the seventh carry their hides to the shore."

The murder of *engagés* by their masters was not uncommon, and an interesting story is told of one that was left for dead in the forest where he was lost for a year. One of his master's dogs, to which he had been kind, remained with him, sharing the suffering that was inevitable. When found he was followed by a number of boars which he had tamed and trained *to decoy young* pigs within his reach.

CAT-HAULING—PULLING A CAT ALONG THE NAKED BACK OF A MAN

Cat-hauling—that is, pulling a cat by the hind feet along the naked back and legs of a man bound to the ground on his face—was a common punishment for failure to return home with a given number of hides. One master boasted that he had beaten to death a hundred of his servants on account of their laziness.

At this time the Buccaneer hunters had become masters of the western end of Hispaniola, and they began to fortify themselves in little communities which the Spaniards dared not attack.

Then the Spanish government executed a bit of folly that was characteristic. In order to drive the Buccaneers from the island, the Spaniards decided to destroy the source of the hunter's gain.

Years before this the Spaniards had used huge bloodhounds to hunt down and exterminate the Carib Indians. Many of these dogs ran wild, and it was estimated that they had become more destructive to the swine and cattle than the hunters were. This suggested an idea, and all the dogs that could be procured were turned loose in Hispaniola. In after years they became such a pest that only persistent and unlimited poisoning saved the island from ruin.

Meantime, the Spanish "fifties" changed their occupation from hunters of men to hunters of cattle. Within a year the task was accomplished, and a singular reversal of conditions then took place. The hunters of boars and bulls became the hunters of men. Within three years the energies of the entire class of hunters were changed, and the uncouth Buccaneers of the forest became the daring Buccaneers of the sea.

Excited to murder, massacre and revenge from

being constantly and most savagely attacked at all times and places without, as far as they could see, any semblance of reason or excuse, they were the fit prototypes of the reckless and daring hordes who terrorized the Spanish seas and plundered the Spanish Main. They destroyed Spain's western commerce, demoralized her sea-power, exhausted the sources of her fabulous riches, and prepared the way for a division of the Western Hemisphere between the weakened residue of the Latin people and the irresistible, growing race of Anglo-Saxons.

When the hunters in the Haitian hills could find nothing more to kill but their enemies, the situation was well prepared for the beginning of a reign of terror, in which occurred some of the most startling deeds of daring, and in which were developed some of the greatest desperadoes that the world has ever known.

CHAPTER II

"SINGEING THE SPANIARD'S BEARD"

The anarchists of the central sea were composed of desperate and daring characters from every port in Europe. Driven from their calling as hunters in the grassy plains and tangled forests of Hispaniola, the numbers of the pirating Buccaneers grew in a few years to be an irresponsible and irresistible aggregation of licentious and reckless men of every grade, calling and purpose, who lived in bold defiance of Spain, and with unrestrained rapacity terrorized the whole of Spanish America.

"Singeing the Spaniard's beard," was a jocular term to express the delight of most Europeans at any damage inflicted on Spain, and they openly rejoiced at the dare-devil exploits of the Buccaneers. Every country tried to empty its desperate and abandoned characters into the West Indies, and it was not long till the island plantations and settlements occupied by the enemies of Spain were filled to overflowing with the outcasts and outlaws of all sea-faring nations.

To plunder the Spaniards, laden with the spoils of Mexico and Peru, afforded the gratification of their propensity for excitement, profit and revenge. Although there were many notable instances among the Buccaneers of fidelity, integrity, generosity and unselfish friendship, yet the lawless life fostered to a degree *never before* known the character of daring

ferocity and unrestrained riot. No one can think of their exploits without feelings of amazement, and yet the memory of their debauches and the horror of their outrages swamp their history in a flood of shame. No abundance of physical vitality was able to preserve them from the destruction assured by their moral anarchy and depravity. Their long career was maintained almost wholly through the close sympathy, secret assistance and open asylum afforded by the Dutch, French and English around the bow of islands from Curaçao, just outside the Gulf of Maracaibo in Venezuela, to St. Christopher, two hundred miles southeast of Puerto Rico.

When the Spaniards, with their characteristic lack of foresight, destroyed the occupation of the Buccaneer hunters of Haiti, instead of abandoning that part of the West Indies, as was expected, the hunters, aided by some adventurers from St. Christopher, commissioned as privateers, seized the small, rock-bound island of Tortuga, six miles from the northwest coast of Haiti, and fortified it as a base of operations against their Spanish oppressors. Until 1664, when the French West India Company became masters of Tortuga, and sent D'Ogeron of Anjou as governor, the little island was the scene of constant conquest, massacre and reconquest between Buccaneers and Spaniards, or of quarrels between the French and English for supremacy. France warred against Holland, England against France, and all with Spain until unrestricted anarchy was master of all. If the energies of the Buccaneers had been united for one purpose under wise leadership, they could have *founded a great* republic in the West Indies, or estab-

lished a vast empire on the continent. Russel, an early writer on the West Indies, says: "If conquest, not plunder, had been an object of their enterprises, they could have conquered America."

All that available force, in the time of D'Ogeron, was scattered over the West Indies in hordes of petty sea-robbers, and the reign of terror was well under way. A frightened fisherman, seeing an unknown sail or hearing a sound he could not understand, would run to the nearest town with the direful news that the Buccaneers were coming. The terrified villagers would throw their gold and silver into the wells or mortar them up in the walls; the women would bury their jewels in the bottom of their cellars and flee to the plantations; all the horses and mules to be found would be loaded with valuables and sent into the woods; the old men would lock themselves up in the churches, and those capable of fighting would bar and bolt themselves inside the fortress. Often it was a false alarm, but the possibilities were too serious for their conduct to seem in any way ludicrous. The Buccaneer was to the timid a hideous monster. The Spaniards were constantly "seeing visions of the saucer-eyes and hearing the chattering teeth of the demons of the sea."

The priests and monks caused the people to believe that the Buccaneers did not have the human form, but were like apes, and that they lived on the flesh of women and children.

De Lussan wrote in his interesting history: "It is not from a chance story that I came to know the impressions wrought in the people that we were men who would eat them; for, one day, after taking the

town of Queaquilla, a young gentlewoman that waited upon the governess of the place, happened to fall into my hands. As I was carrying her away to the place where the rest of the prisoners were kept, and to that end made her walk before me, she turned back with tears in her eyes, saying: '*Senior, pur 'lamor de Dios no mi como;*' that is, 'Pray, sir, for the love of God do not eat me!' Whereupon, I asked her who had told her that we were wont to eat people, and she assured me that the fathers told them that we were not of human form, and that we lived on the flesh of our prisoners.''

The Buccaneers were favorite texts when ecclesiastics wished to picture the conduct of devils or to explain the diabolical nature of Satan; and it may be truthfully said that those conscienceless terrors of the Spanish Main usually merited the most that was said of them.

When any extraordinary misfortune befell a family, the cause was frequently found to be in the Satanic presence of some object that a Buccaneer had once touched. The ground on which the sea-rovers walked was anathematized by the bishops, and the houses in which they slept were often burned as the only means of purification. Persons touched by the dreaded freebooters were under the ban as lepers and outcasts until due penance had achieved absolution for them.

The poor fishermen, to whom the pirates were often generous, dared not accept any favor short of life itself, the ecclesiastical assurance being that the fisherman's boat, if once used by a Buccaneer, would curse and drown the owner if he ever used it again. *Spanish crews* sometimes became pirates themselves,


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rather than return home after having lost their vessel, and captains frequently committed suicide rather than be taken prisoner.

When Don Juan de Guzman y Torres, with his fleet of treasure-ships containing two judges of the chancery of Mexico, some Dominican friars, and two inquisitors, with the rich proceeds from the sale of half a million indulgences, sailed from St. Juan de Ulloa, they were promptly overhauled by a Dutch sea-rover, lying in wait for them at Cape St. Anthony. But the Spanish captain led a lively chase to get away. He ran for the Bay of Matanzas, near Havana, and grounded his galleons on the sandbanks, from which the Spaniards escaped to the shore with all they could carry. Pie de Palo, the Dutch captain, so named by the Spaniards because of his wooden leg, was not to be thus cheated, and he ordered his sailors ashore after the fleeing men, who proved to be very poor runners. They were soon overtaken and made to deliver up their riches. The two inquisitors, finding that they could not escape, took their valuables, which consisted of rare jewels, in a bag each had carried strapped about his waist, and were seen to hide them in the sand. While the others were turned loose to reach Havana as best they could, these two were kept against their violent protestations. They were then carried within arm's-length of their secreted treasures and buried up to their necks in the sand. One arm was left free, and the assurance was given that until the bags of jewels were unearthed they would be compelled to remain there without food or drink. Within an hour each held aloft his bag of jewels and claimed release. Pie de Palo affected to

believe that their ability to get the jewels was so remarkable as to be nothing short of witchcraft, which he could not condone. They were, therefore, carried away, and marooned on the first desert island.

Captain Guzman y Torres was arrested on his arrival at Havana, and sent to Spain, where he was imprisoned. In a short time he became insane, and was in that state beheaded for losing his vessels to the Buccaneers.

Although Spanish officers, sailors and soldiers, arriving home after being defeated by the Buccaneers, were compelled to meet social ostracism, excommunication and frequently death from court martial, yet such was the terror inspired in them by the Buccaneers that they had no courage to stand up against the furious and unwavering onslaughts of these dreaded foes.

The priests were doubtless responsible for much of this enervating fear. The hatred they endeavored to instill went beyond hatred into terror. They never neglected an opportunity, when they could get hold of the body of a Buccaneer, to carry it to the plaza of the town under the most awesome ceremonies of purification, publicly to pour the anathemas of the church upon it, and to tear the body limb from limb and burn it, while the people implored the absolution and protection of the saints.

Horses, pack-animals, or dogs that had ever done service for the Buccaneers were supposed to be henceforth possessed of the devil. They were either killed and burned, with religious ceremonies, or were driven into the forest, where they were said to live with the wood-demons in fantastic carousal until death released *the tortured* flesh from the fearful presence.

After L'Olonois, often referred to as the arch-fiend of pirates, had retired from sacking Gibraltar in Venezuela, it took more than a year for the priests to relieve the people of the Satanic presences left by the Buccaneers. At last nothing remained but a parrot, said to have been left by one of the pirates. That it was possessed of a very shrewd devil was proven by the fact that for a long time neither prayer nor trap, priest nor hunter, could capture or kill it. When the death of the bird was at last accomplished by a zealous novitiate, it was under such harrowing circumstances that the poor fellow almost lost his reason. The novitiate was returning to town one afternoon from a neighboring plantation, when in the edge of the woods he heard a most remarkable sound of two birds fighting on the lower limbs of a tree. He discovered that it was a hawk and the parrot. With a prayer for his personal safety, he crept up close to the tree, determined to do his best to help the hawk kill the parrot. Hardly had he done so, when the fighting birds fell almost at his feet. The hawk was getting the best of the struggle when suddenly the parrot became a fox and at once fastened with a death-grip on the hawk's throat. The novitiate poised the light lance he carried and thrust it at the shoulder of the fox with all his might, when a wild boar instead of the fox rushed noisily away with the lance sticking in his side.

Quaking with fear, the young monk was about to flee in an opposite direction, when the scream of a panther arrested his flight. Looking around he saw the boar and the panther in combat. They fought furiously, but the boar was fast failing from the loss of blood caused by the lance-thrust. The novitiate

was rejoicing at the assured death of the Satanic beast, when suddenly he saw in its place a powerful ape with the features of a Buccaneer. It sprang back from the claws of the panther and drew the lance from its side. The panther with a cry of terror ran away and the ape strode toward the terrified monk. The strength of the man forsook him, and he fell, holding aloft his cross. The beast, with a horrible roar, sprang upon him, but, wonderful to relate, in seizing the prostrate man it touched the cross. The ape fell back as if struck with a club, its body trembled like a leaf, a death-groan burst from its lips, and in its place a dead parrot lay on the ground.

How long he lay unconscious the monk did not know, but securing his lance, where the ape had let it fall, he stuck it through the body of the Buccaneer bird and brought it in triumph to the town.

A celebration was held, the parrot was burnt amid great thanksgiving and rejoicing, while the monk who had suffered so was showered with blessings and presents.

De Lussan saw a curious example of excommunication when he passed through the town of Realejo, which had been occupied, some time before his expedition, by Buccaneers. He says: "We found it deserted by all its inhabitants because of the excommunication they had thundered out against themselves."

"Some perhaps will be surprised to hear of this extravagant humor," he continues, "but there is nothing truer, than that when freebooters have several times taken the same place from them, their prel*ates, after* excommunicating and cursing the same,

quit it entirely, and will not even bury their dead whom we killed, supposing them to be, for the aforesaid reason, unworthy of burial."

The French, however, were very religious. Lionel Wafer says that those with whom he associated always went through elaborate devotions while preparing for an expedition and repeated their prayers unceasingly when about to make an attack. The Spanish historians say that as soon as the French Buccaneers captured a town their first act was to impress a priest into their service, enter a church and chant the Te Deum.

De Lussan, in writing of the inability of the French and English to live peacefully together, says: "One of the chief things that made us disagree, was their impiety against our religion; for they made no scruple when they got into a church to cut down the arms of a crucifix with their sabres, or to shoot them down with their fusees and pistols, bruising and maiming the images of the saints with the same weapons, in derision of the adoration we French paid unto them. And it was chiefly from these horrid disorders that the Spaniards equally hated us."

But instances are not wanting to show that the English sometimes exercised a horse-play piety that was amazing to the terrified Spaniards. On one occasion, when Daniel and his crew took possession of a town near Porto Bello, they found most of the people in church, where the performance of mass was about to take place. To the consternation of the worshipers, the pirates came into the church and took possession of the front pews. They demanded to be *included in* the ceremonies. The horrified

priests could not refuse. Some of the men were irreverent, and the captain sharply rebuked them for their impiety. One of the men behind Daniel could not restrain his amusement at the dress and action of the priest, which seemed to him to be very laughable. Daniel roared out to him several times to be contrite, humble, and to reflect sadly on his many sins.

The trembling priest let fall the consecrated host, and the laughing pirate could not restrain an audible gulp of merriment.

"Take that, you impious wretch," cried the pious captain, turning and firing a bullet into the man's heart, "and go to hell, where you belong!"

Needless to say that the piety of the occasion was not again disturbed. But when the ceremonies were over the pirates locked the doors, and made the priest take up a collection, which was largely assisted by the altar candles, the pirates acting as errand-boys to go to the people's homes for such valuables as had not been brought to church.

Captain Sawkins, on a long voyage in 1681, threw all the dice on the ship overboard because he discovered that they had been used on the Sabbath day. Captain Sharpe, who became commander at Sawkins' death, restored the use of dice, and was deposed from the command because he and a few of his friends won too often. Captain Watling was then elected commander. He at once banished dice, and required the strictest observance of the Sabbath day.

When Grammont captured Campeachy he found a festival in honor of Saint Louis in progress. Determined not to be outdone by the Spaniards in honoring their patron saint, and to show the people the

gratitude he felt for a victory so easily won, he collected all the logwood within a radius of fifty miles, and burnt it in the course of the ceremonies. The terrified priests were compelled to continue the festival an inordinate length of time, and the panic-stricken people had to look on with all the appearances of religious delight at seeing a million dollars' worth of their property ascending in holy smoke!

The piety of the Buccaneers is frequently referred to by De Lussan, although, from the irreverence of his remarks, one is led to suppose that he was rather free from it himself. No more romantic scene can be imagined than that of their most perilous position in the remarkable march De Lussan and his men made from Panama across the isthmus. The descriptions of Xenophon do not surpass his story, and their heroic fortitude was not less than that exercised by the Ten Thousand Greeks. Half-way to the end of their journey through the tropical forests, they were suddenly aroused one morning by the stirring tones of a bugle. About an equal distance on the other side another was immediately heard to send forth the clear notes of a reply. The little band of Buccaneers, in the midst of a hostile country containing a thousand times their own number of fighting men, and fresh from the sacking of Panama, heard the trumpet signals with no small trepidation. Gathering up their camp materials, they hastened forward. The strains of martial music on each side from unseen foes progressed with them. The invisible musicians kept the pace of the Buccaneers, stopping when they stopped and proceeding as they proceeded. The echoing tones were lively and joyful, as if encouraging them on to an unforeseen

death. Each morning they were aroused by the re-echoing reveille.

Five days the invisible serenade kept up, when the Frenchmen learned that on each side of them there were one hundred and fifty Spanish horsemen. Prevented from searching for food, the hunted men were almost starved when they approached the plantations about Segovia. Their advance pickets brought the joyful news that across a valley they could see a herd of cattle. The little band of two hundred and eighty men moved on with renewed animation, to find that the animals they had mistaken for beeves were in reality the saddle-horses of a strong cavalry force drawn across the only pass between the mountains. A reconnoitering party found that the Spaniards had intrenched themselves behind three tiers of breastworks, stretching across the way. The sides of the mountains were covered with matted vines, and filled with hidden pits and precipices. The prospect was appalling, but it is said that a snared rat is the most dangerous, and the Buccaneers were not to be slaughtered without a desperate struggle. Night came on, and the half-starved Frenchmen formed a plan. Eighty men were left to protect the baggage from the invisible horsemen, who had drawn very near on each side, while the others stripped themselves of everything but guns and cutlasses, in order to scale the supposedly impassable mountain and fall upon the rear of the unsuspecting Spaniards in the intrenchments. Orders were given that if nothing was seen of the attacking men within an hour after the sound of the first gun, the eighty Buccaneers left behind must *abandon* their baggage and shift for themselves.

TWO SPANISH SENTINELS WERE PROMPTLY SHOT

De Lussan says: "We said our prayers as low as we could that the Spaniards might not hear us, as we were separated from them but by a narrow valley. We set forward to the number of two hundred men, by moonlight, it being an hour within night, and about one more after our departure we heard the Spaniards also at their prayers. Finding that we were near, they fired six hundred muskets to frighten us, besides which they made a discharge at us of all the responses of the litany of the saints."

The entire night was spent in toiling a quarter of a mile on the mountain side to get to the rear of the intrenchments. When morning came, they found the road in the rear of the Spaniards. A heavy fog covered everything from sight, and they crept up within a few feet of the rear intrenchment. The sentinel passed and repassed without seeing them. The Spaniards were at their morning prayers; and, from their invocations to the saints, the Frenchmen concluded that they were filled with a great terror of the foes which they believed to be in front.

Two Spanish sentinels walked into the crouching Buccaneers, and were promptly shot. The sound of muskets in their rear spread consternation among the Spaniards of the first intrenchment, and they fled into the woods. The Buccaneers took possession of the first breastworks and began to fire into the defenseless rear of the second intrenchment. The Spaniards there rushed off into the woods, leaving most of their guns and sabres behind. Those in the third or front intrenchment held out till they saw the gleam of muskets through the fog, when they also ran away. But the *network* of trees that they had cut down on

each side was their destruction. Tangled among the branches they were shot down and cut to pieces without the loss of a man to the Buccaneers. Sixty men then mounted cavalry horses and rode across the valley to the place where the eighty men had been left with the baggage. On arriving there they found the captain of the three hundred invisible cavalrymen that had accompanied the Buccaneers in such an uncanny way, writing out terms of surrender for the eighty men, who had been persuaded that their two hundred comrades had all perished. The sixty Buccaneers at once charged upon the three hundred horsemen and captured most of them. The arms, horses and baggage of the Spaniards were taken, but the prisoners were set free. The reunited and victorious Frenchmen made the mountains ring with the Te Deum, and spent the day in joyful devotions to the saints.

Religion has never been found to be much of a restraint to greedy men, and the desecration of the churches was to be expected, since their costly adornments were too great a temptation even for the pious Frenchmen. Often the altars were made of silver, and frequently the images were mounted on solid gold bases.

In 1666, when the Buccaneers sacked Maracaibo, they carried away all the altars, pictures, crosses, images, confession stalls, and even the church-bells, with which to furnish a church at Tortuga, where they could more properly offer thanksgiving for their successes and invoke the blessings of the saints on their undertakings.

Many of the Buccaneers were men of high breed-

ing and education. Lionel Wafer was a skilled physician, and he tells of two men in his company who took turns in translating *extempore*, for pastime, the Greek New Testament.

Some claimed to be actuated by high principles of social philosophy. A noted example of this was Caraccioli, an Italian priest whom Misson, a sailor in the French navy, met in Rome. Together they planned to live to the letter the philosophy of the priest. Caraccioli believed that a needy man had as much right to any property in his way, which satisfied his needs, as if that need was for water or for air. He taught the doctrine that wealth and poverty are both equally wrong, and are mutual curses.

Misson listened to the theories of the priest and became an ardent disciple. He got Caraccioli a commission with him on the same vessel in the navy. Misson was daring, and the priest was subtle. By the time the French man-of-war had reached the Antilles, most of the crew thought them very worthy fellows. A curious opportunity occurred to promote their ambitions. France and Spain were then at war, and England was helping Spain. Off Martinique, their vessel, the "Victoire," encountered the English man-of-war, "Winchelsea." A fierce engagement took place, in which every French officer was killed except the navigating officer, who was about to strike colors, when Misson waved his sword aloft, declared himself captain and ordered Caraccioli to act as his lieutenant. The fight was continued three hours, when the magazine of the "Winchelsea" blew up, destroying the ship and all on board.

Caraccioli immediately saluted Misson as com-

mander of the "Victoire," and then summoned all the men to appear before the captain on deck. Misson, in a few graceful words, informed them that the vessel was henceforth to be subject to no nation, but was the common property of all who chose to remain with him on her decks. Those who did not wish to share the life proposed would at once be set ashore. Without a dissenting voice they cried: "Long live Captain Misson and his worthy lieutenant, the learned Caraccioli."

The begrimed and blood-stained men held up their hands, and were sworn by the pirate priest; then the captain made them another speech.

"Since we have resolved," he said, "to seize and defend that liberty which the ambitions of men have taken from their fellow-men, and which can be esteemed by candid judges as only a brave and just resolution, I am under obligation to recommend a brotherly love among you, the banishment of private piques and grudges, and a strict agreement of harmony among you in all our affairs.

"In throwing off the oppressions of tyranny, none must be so forgetful as to follow the example of tyrants, and turn against justice; for when equity is trodden under foot, misery, confusion, distrust and ruin naturally follow. You must in all things remember the Supreme Being who guards and guides you in your victories as well as in your defeats.

"You may be assured that those born and bred in slavery have had their spirits so warped and broken that they are incapable of just and generous thinking. Ignorant of their birthright to the sweets of liberty, *they will* brand this noble crew and our glorious lives

with the insidious and unjust names of pirates and piracy. Their sense of right and wrong is so perverted that they will think it meritorious to be instrumental or to rejoice in our destruction.

"But self-preservation being the first law of nature, we cannot do otherwise than declare war against all who refuse to accord to us such necessities as we may require, and against all who will not give us free entry to their ports. Henceforth we are brothers in all the liberties of life and death."

Then he sailed away to become the Don Quixote of the seas.

Caraccioli would not have black colors. He declared that they would have no affiliation with the signs or symbols of pirates, since they were honest men resolved to assert the liberty which nature had provided for them.

On their pennant they wrote their motto: "Destruction for the rich, preservation for the poor." A white ensign was adopted inscribed with the motto: "For God and Liberty." They practiced severely a gallant knight-errantry of the ocean.

"Ours," said Caraccioli, in one of the frequent speeches made on deck by the captain and his lieutenant, "is a brave, just, innocent and noble cause, the cause of liberty and the inalienable right of man to life and therefore to all that is needed to continue life."

They kept close to their creed, and the first vessel they captured was set free because they found that it did not contain a single man who could justly be condemned as rich. The next ship taken was in charge of a dozen wealthy merchantmen. These they

marooned—that is, set ashore upon an uninhabited island, and sent the others away in the vessel after having equally divided all the valuables found among the crews of the two ships.

Off the coast of Guinea, Africa, they captured the Dutch vessel "Nieuwstadt," from Amsterdam, which, to their disgust, had on board a cargo of slaves. They took the chains from the slaves and fastened them upon the Dutch, then clothed the negroes in the garments of their late masters. After this they set the negroes free upon the mainland.

The captives did not enjoy the severe discipline on board, and there were some words which the Dutch seemed to repeat unnecessarily a great many times. Upon inquiry it was found, to the horror of Caraccioli, that the Dutch were swearing. Immediately he ordered all the offenders to be gagged. Misson was greatly concerned lest his men should be injured by the bad example of the Dutch prisoners.

"As I have the honor to command you," he said, "I cannot see you run into such odious vices without much fear, as I have a paternal affection for every one of you. I will give the Dutch notice that the first whom I catch either with an oath in his mouth or with liquor in his head, shall be brought to the geers, whipped and pickled, as an example to his nation. As to you, my companions, my friends, my children, gallant, noble, generous and heroic souls, whom I have the honor to command, I entreat you to make a law among ourselves for the suppression of what would otherwise restrain us from the Source of Life, and consequently leave us destitute of our Father's protection."

Eleven of the Dutchmen were so charmed with their captor that they joined his crew, and the others were put aboard a vessel that was taken not long after.

Captain Misson sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, and touched at the Island of Johanna between Madagascar and the coast of Mozambique. Here they found among the natives conditions favorable for establishing a government in accordance with Caraccioli's socialistic philosophy. Misson married the sister of the island's queen, and Caraccioli married her niece, while most of the sailors readily fell in with the plan, and took dusky wives. After numerous adventures they transferred their colony to the north coast of Madagascar, where they founded a settlement called Libertatia. Forts were built at advantageous points on the bay and well equipped. In the course of time, a motley collection of men was gathered here under a peculiar form of government, in which Misson was chief executive, with the title of lord conservator. Captain Tew, an English pirate of some note, having joined them, was made admiral. Caraccioli being secretary of state. The English and French, always violently quarreling, lived at opposite points on the bay. One day all the English but Captain Tew and a few friends, went aboard the remodeled "Victoire" for a cruise, when a sudden storm sunk the ship and all on board. About the same time the natives attacked the French settlement, killing Caraccioli and all but forty-five men. Tew proposed that the survivors go to America and settle down for life with the fortune they still retained. The plan was accepted by Misson; but off Cape Infantes the Frenchman's vessel went down

in a storm, and the strange career of the pirate-philosopher came to an end.

Among the many strange characters roaming the seas in those days were heroes who had served under the great Tudor captains; others had fought for Bonnie Prince Charlie, and many were veterans of the Irish wars of Cromwell. Many had commissions from the English government as privateers. This was especially the case for several years after Blake's victory over the Spaniards at Santa Cruz in 1657. When the English under Cromwell in 1654 obtained control of Jamaica, mainly through the assistance of the Buccaneers, it was easy to obtain commissions as privateers. Nearly any one could get such a commission, if he had the means to pay the price, until the year 1672, when there was a general revocation of privateering privileges. As the Spaniards at Havana were a constant menace to the English in Jamaica, the Buccaneers sailing as English privateers were a great protection. During the war between France and Spain in 1684, privateers were publicly fitted out in the Carolinas to prey on Spanish commerce. By this time almost the entire arc of Lesser Antilles, with Jamaica and Barbadoes, were under the control of the Dutch, French and English. Spanish trade was frightened from the seas, and the vast wealth wrung from the natives on the continent began to gather in the chief fortified towns, Panama, Cartagena, Porto Bello and Maracaibo. These places were supposed to be impregnable, but the Buccaneers took them and their enormous wealth with less resistance than met Cortez and Pizarro from the Aztecs and the Incas.

Many a criminal from the slums of the European

ports suddenly found himself with more wealth than he knew how to enjoy, and he would proceed forthwith to squander it in orgies on shore that seem incredible to relate.

As an instance of the mania for gambling there was a noted French gambler named Vent-en-Panne, who once received five hundred crowns as his share in a capture. The first night on shore at Jamaica he lost it all, including three hundred crowns which he succeeded in borrowing. He became a servant in the wine-shop, and lighted pipes for the players until he earned enough to enter the gambling lists with a small stake. His luck turned, and he won twelve thousand crowns. He determined to quit gambling and return to Paris. He boarded an English vessel that touched at Barbadoes. There he met a rich Jew, who persuaded him to play for some small stakes. The wagers increased, and the Frenchman invariably won until he had thirteen hundred crowns additional, one hundred thousand pounds of sugar, and a plantation equipped with a mill and sixty slaves.

The Jew ran out of the house and borrowed some money, and the play continued thirty-six hours without intermission. At the end of that time the Jew owned everything, even to the suit of clothes on the Frenchman's back. These the Jew allowed him to retain, and he returned beggared to Tortuga.

The following story is told of two comrades returning to Jamaica with ten thousand crowns from a successful cruise. One of them engaged in a game with the governor, and lost all of his own money, besides that of his companion and some small sums of money he succeeded *in borrowing* of others. The next day his

creditors decided to have him imprisoned and perhaps sold for debt. Hearing of this, he went to the governor and told him that he had a slave hired to a neighboring planter that he would sell at a low price to relieve himself of debt and to gain a start in the locksmith business, in which he and his companion were expert. The governor desired to look at the slave. That afternoon the Buccaneer appeared with his negro, and as on examination he proved to be of unusual health and strength, the sum asked was paid and the slave set to work.

The next morning the negro had disappeared, and what seemed almost miraculous, he was never found, notwithstanding the strict search instituted by the governor. In a few years the two companions became rich in their business and decided to return to Europe. Before sailing, they went to the former governor, who was then living in poverty and obscurity in a neighboring village, and laid before him the sum of money he had paid for the negro, with good interest added.

"What is that for?" he asked, in astonishment.

"It is to repay you for the loan you so kindly made us a few years ago," was the reply.

"Here is the negro you bought of me," he continued, pointing to his companion. "He blacked himself all over, and kinked his hair with a hot iron. When night came he took a bath, and your negro had vanished."

The delighted governor drank a bumper to their health, and wished them a merry journey home.

CHAPTER III

HONOR AMONG PIRATES

The Buccaneers have been called the vikings of the new world. Among the earlier West Indian pirates there was a chivalrous class which seemed to be the last of a race of gentlemen adventurers descended from the crusaders.

But the exploits of the heroic period of the Buccaneers soon degenerated into wild onslaughts and bloody conquests of the cross-bones and black flag. Only by the broadest use of the word Buccaneer can it be made to include all the contemptible freebooters and daring captains of the West Indian seas since the days of the hunters of Hispaniola. The class composed of truly chivalrous knights of the sea became at last a reckless and degenerate horde of maritime Ishmaels, plundering ruthlessly and spending in hideous debauchery.

When Captain Townley was asked why his men squandered their gains in such riotous living, he gave a characteristic answer: "Exposed as we are to such a variety of dangers, our life is totally different from that of other men. Why should we, who are alive to-day and may be dead to-morrow, think of hoarding up? We reckon only upon the day we live, never thinking of that which may or may not come. In the liberty we live, *it is not* needful to take thought for

the morrow. As our days are numbered, it is rather our concern to squander life than to preserve it."

Like other evil-doers among mankind, they had a certain philosophy with which to absolve their conscience and to grant a kind of perpetual indulgence to their deeds.

Captain Bartholomew Roberts, a good representative of the dime-novel pirate, excused himself with a utilitarian theory. When asked by the self-constituted interviewer of that day why he chose such a rough and dangerous calling, he wrote out his answer in this manner:

"In an honest service there are, in common, low wages and hard labor; in this there are Plenty, Satiety, Pleasure and Ease, Liberty and Power. Who would not balance Creditor on this side when all the hazard that is run for it is, at the most, only a sour look or two at choking? No, a merry life and a short one shall be my motto."

Roberts was well qualified to speak of his calling. He got his wish of "a merry life and a short one," but, in the meantime, he captured more than four hundred merchant vessels and squandered several princely fortunes in the riotous dens of the English West Indies. He talked like a pettifogger, but he fought like a tiger and died—like a pirate, with a grapeshot in his neck.

The latter-day Buccaneers and pirates have been very reasonably called the rattlesnakes and cobras of the seas. In their commonwealth, the wickedest was adjudged the most suitable leader. Teach, otherwise known as Blackbeard, took an original method of

THEY WENT INTO THE HOLD OF THE VESSEL AND SET FIRE TO A POT OF SULPHUR

impressing his men with a respect for his Satanic abilities and command.

"Come," he said to his drunken companions, "let us make a hell of our own, and see who can longest bear it."

They went into the hold of the vessel, closed the hatches, and set fire to a pot of sulphur.

Then they drank and cursed and defied the powers above and below, until the fumes of sulphur began to strangle them. One after another cried for air and begged to be let out, until the chief was left alone.

The contest between Satan and the pirate continued so long that the friends of the captain became alarmed. They raised the hatches, and he came forth smiling as one on whom the fuel of the inferno could have no effect.

Charlevoix, who was very familiar with the habits of the Buccaneers, says that "with the exception of a certain honor among them, and their abstinence from human flesh, few savages were more wicked, most of them being much less so."

In 1694 Montauban took his men to Paris. He complains in his story that "they spent a world of money there, and proved horribly extravagant. All the nights they spent in divertisements and the days in running up and down the town in masquerade, causing themselves to be carried in chairs with lighted flambeaux at noon—of which debauches many died."

Nevertheless, the Frenchmen in this crew always sang the canticles of the *Miserere* when about to attack a ship or a town, while the Englishmen among them often chanted a psalm of David. None of them ever began a meal without first saying grace, and their

first act in a sea-fight was to fall on their knees and pray for victory and abundant booty.

Montauban was once in command of some free-booters who had agreed to act as the escort of a certain Spanish ship. At sea some of the crew proposed to possess themselves of the vessel, which was known to be richly laden. Montauban at once resigned his command and prepared to go aboard the Spanish ship to fight in its defense.

"What!" exclaimed his men, "do you think we approve of the treachery you abhor? Let us discharge the guilty!"

A council was called, and a decision reached that men so dishonest should have no part in an expedition which Montauban commanded, and they were at once marooned.

It was Montauban who stood godfather to the son of a negro chief at Cape Corsa, assisting at the ceremony of baptism, which was performed by a Portuguese priest. He says of this sponsorship: "I did it with so much the more pleasure in that I was helping to make a Christian and to sanctify a soul."

The English Buccaneers furnished few examples of quixotic characters. Some were fantastic in dress, others were erratic, but with religion and philosophy they reckoned little. Stede Bonnet was as noteworthy as any of them. He was a retired mayor in Barbadoes, of advanced age and eminently a man of peace. He was a religious leader of the best repute, and knew nothing about sailing a vessel or commanding men on shipboard. Suddenly he disappeared from his luxurious home with all his ready money. His family and neighbors could learn nothing of him, until the

report was verified that he had cut loose from civilization and turned pirate. He fitted out a sloop of ten guns and manned it with seventy men. Painting the name Revenge in big letters on the sides of the sloop, he sailed away in search of booty and glory.

He shortly fell in with the ship of Teach, who was popularly known as Blackbeard, and they concluded to cruise together. Teach soon saw that Captain Bonnet was making a ridiculous figure, both as commander and pirate. They were dining together, when Teach informed his surprised guest that it pained him to see so old a man burdened with the fatiguing cares of a pirate vessel. At seventy years of age a man was entitled to relinquish his labors to younger men and spend his remaining days in ease and contentment. Such was the lot that Captain Teach had decided upon for Captain Bonnet. The cabin of the vessel was the best place for the noble mayor, and Captain Teach would personally see to it that he was surrounded with all the luxuries of a palace. Remonstrances were in vain, and Captain Bonnet in his cabin bore the stigma of being a pirate without securing any of the glory.

The old man at last came ashore at Bath, Maine, where he signed the king's pledge of pardon to pirates. But war breaking out between Spain and England, he asked the privilege of fitting out a privateer. He changed his name to Thomas, and got a vessel which he named "Royal James," in honor of the pretender to the British throne, son of James II of England. He was determined to have a pirate crew, and therefore sailed in search of a lot of desperadoes whom Teach had marooned.

The "Royal James" needed some repairs, and her commander put into a port in North Carolina. Not finding suitable timber, he seized and broke up a ship to supply his wants. There was general indignation at this outrage, and a private gentleman named Rhett fitted out, at his own expense, two sloops which, in the name of the law, were pressed into service. The old man had sailed into the Cape Fear river with his piratical crew, and Captain Rhett followed him. But the pursuers, being poor sailors, went aground in the mouth of the river and could not get off. The so-called Captain Thomas came down the river to attack Rhett, and likewise went aground within pistol-shot of him.

As the tide went out the ships all careened in the same direction, so that the decks of the pirate ship were away from the pursuers, and the unfortunate Captain Rhett found his vessels every minute more exposed to the fire of the pirates. For five hours they fought, with little loss to either side. When the tide began to come in, it was readily seen that the first ship to float would be the victor.

Captain Rhett's vessels being nearer the center of the river, sailed out, and the pirate crew forced their captain to surrender. Most of them, on various technicalities, escaped, but Stede Bonnet, alias Captain Thomas, was held in custody. He wrote a letter to the Governor that was marvelous for its pathos, contrition and religious fervor. His plea was that since God had forgiven his sins, the Governor should do likewise. It made a great impression on the people and aroused much sympathy for its author. The Governor was *considered unnecessarily* cruel; but he was deaf to all

appeals, and the septuagenarian pirate was executed according to the law.

The oft quoted reference to honor among thieves was not well substantiated among the Buccaneers. They could but rarely trust one another, and less often trust their captain.

The conduct of De Pontis at Cartagena is an interesting and characteristic example. After sacking that city, he persuaded his men that it was very unwise to have their enormous booty of nearly seven million dollars distributed among the small boats. He declared that it should be deposited together and carried intact to Tortuga in his large and safe vessel, when the division could be made. The Buccaneers consented, and when morning came the men in the small ships, who had done all the fighting, saw the treasure-ship standing out to sea. The despoiled and enraged pirates soon found that they were helpless. De Pontis could not be overhauled. In the midst of their impotent curses, some one cried, "De Pontis has left our share at Cartagena; let us return there and get it."

The advice was at once acted upon, and the frightened inhabitants saw the scourge of which they had just bought themselves free, re-entering the harbor. But on landing the pirates assumed a very righteous air. Two of their men in some way killed a native woman. With great solemnity and manifest indignation they tried the culprits and condemned them to be shot as an example before the people.

Then they ordered all the principal inhabitants into the cathedral. Some genius among them prepared a delectable address, which they compelled the bishop

to read from the pulpit, while the Buccaneer chiefs stood at the altar railing with guns across their arms and sabers either in their hands or stuck in the floor before them.

"We are not ignorant that you consider us as men devoid of faith and of all religion, as infernal beings rather than men," so the bishop read. "The abhorrence you have of us hath been often manifested by the opprobrious terms with which you affect to describe us; and your mistrust of us is plain from your refusal to treat with us, thus forcing us to effect your capitulation at the point of the sword.

"You see us returning here so soon after our departure, and wonder at the cause. We are here armed and capable, as you see, of avenging ourselves for any injustice you may be so ill-advised as to do to us. The paleness visible upon your countenances plainly shows that you expect the most severe treatment; and your conscience tells you, no doubt, that you deserve it.

"Be at last undeceived, and acknowledge in this instance that the injurious appellations with which you stigmatize us are not to be applied to us, but to the infamous General De Pontis, under whose command we lately fought you and defeated you. That vile traitor to whom we opened the gates of your city and whom you would never have permitted to enter except at our behest, hath seized upon the spoils acquired at our hazard, through our courage and your generosity, thus by that act of impudence and injustice compelling us to return to you. Our moderation must justify our sincerity. We will quit your city immediately upon receiving five million livres, which

is less than a sixth of that demanded and received from you to be rid of our traitorous commander. This is the whole of our claim, and we pledge our sacred honor to you that we will then instantly go away. But if you refuse us so moderate and just a contribution, look at our sabers. (Here there was a flourish and clank of weapons from the Buccaneers standing near the bishop.) We swear by them that we will spare no person. And should the misfortune which threatens you come upon you, and upon your wives and children, accuse none but yourselves for your ungenerous natures, and the worthless De Pontis, whom you are at liberty to load with all kinds of execrations that you may feel in your hearts, and you may fire at him all the anathemas that your bishops may command."

At the close of this address a priest was made to mount the pulpit and exhort the people to contribute liberally to the collection about to be taken up, and thus as soon as possible satisfy their visitors.

The Buccaneers then went among the congregation, collected all the available money and jewels, and secured pledges for ransom. But, since the city had just paid nearly seven million dollars to De Pontis as ransom, it could not easily raise a million more, and was therefore given up to pillage by the impatient pirates. On their way out of the harbor, they ran afoul of a fleet of Dutch and English ships. The small vessels with all on board were sunk, but the largest one, carrying the booty, escaped to San Domingo.

It was an age of duplicity and betrayal from kings to Buccaneers. The West Indian governors them-

selves, who waxed fat from the spoils of the pirates, never lost an opportunity to cheat them of all they could, and then blackmail them out of the rest.

A somewhat ludicrous and yet notable example of this was afforded in the year 1687, by Christopher, Duke of Albemarle, the only son of General Monk, the Cromwellian commander who restored Charles II to the throne.

In 1639 a rich plate-ship or Spanish galleon sank off the southern coast of Cuba; and the Duke of Albemarle, having become governor of Jamaica, fitted out and manned a vessel with a crew of his own selection, and sent it on an expedition to see what could be got from the sunken ship. He promised the Buccaneers who had told him of the treasure and who acted as guides and divers, half of all they could get. The story told by the Buccaneers was found to be true, and in a short time they had gathered a princely fortune on board the governor's vessel. When it arrived at Spanish Town the governor had the silver stored in the safety vaults of the government, promising to make the required division of the spoils in a few days. But the days grew into weeks and months, and the importunities of the Buccaneers for their share of the rich find were unheeded. At last the governor died. His widow was as reluctant to part with any of the treasure as her husband had been, and the Buccaneers laid a plot to seize her in the king's house at Spanish Town and hold her for a ransom equivalent to their rightful share.

Luckily for her, one of the men in the plot conceived the idea that the reward he would get for revealing *it to her* would be greater than he could get other-

wise, and the trouble would be much less. She promised him a sum beyond all his expectations; but no sooner had she heard the story than she ran to the assembly, then in session, and implored a body-guard, leaving the luckless informer unrewarded. An English war-ship then in the harbor being about to sail, she was put aboard with all her wealth and taken to London. Soon after she fell into a state of mental imbecility, and imagined that the Emperor of China, hearing of her great wealth, was coming to marry her. The first Duke of Montague, being of a thrifty turn of mind, thought it a capital idea to humor the conceits of the demented lady. So he impersonated the Emperor, and visited her in the most brilliant Oriental robes he could find. His suit progressed rapidly, and in a few days they were married. The guardians of her wealth turned it over to the Duke, and he had her confined in a madhouse, where she lived to the age of ninety-eight years.

Cibber, the dramatist, thought it all such a good jest that he founded on her career a popular play, entitled "The Sick Lady Cured."

The existence of honor among pirates is well exemplified in the career of Vane, a notorious freebooter who was overtaken by his fate in the year 1719. He began his piratical life by making off with the vessel that contained all the treasure representing several months' weary work by his companions on a sunken Spanish galleon off the coast of Florida. After a notorious career he was at last wrecked on an uninhabited island in the bay of Honduras. He and twenty of his companions escaped with nothing but *their lives.* They were kept alive by help from native

fishermen, who occasionally visited the island, until a vessel from Jamaica chanced to put in for water. The captain, whose name was Halford, proved to be a Buccaneer who had once been on an expedition with Vane.

Vane was delighted, and felt no hesitancy in disclosing himself and asking to be taken away.

"Charles Vane," said Captain Halford, when the emaciated and smooth-tongued pirate made his request. "I can't trust you aboard my ship unless I carry you as a prisoner; for I shall have you caballing with my men, knocking me on the head, and running away with my vessel a-pirating before we are out ten days."

The wretched man made vigorous protests of his honesty.

"I am going down the bay," said Halford, "and I will be back in a month. If I find you here, I will carry you to Jamaica and hang you."

"What! Would you have me rob the poor fishermen of their boats and try to get to Providence in a dory?" asked the miserable man.

"If your stay here is a matter of conscience, after having been a common robber, pirate and murderer for so many years," replied Halford, "I advise you to stay where you are."

The captain then sailed away.

In a few days another vessel touched at the island, and Vane told the captain a very plausible story of an honest man in distress. The captain concluded to allow him to work his passage, but the evil star, so thoroughly believed in by Sir Henry Hawkins, was *evidently in the* ascendant with him. They had not

"DO YOU KNOW WHOM YOU HAVE THERE?" ASKED THE CAPTAIN.

been at sea a week when they met Captain Halford returning. The vessels hailed each other, and Captain Halford came aboard. Vane was at work in the hold when the two captains came walking along the cabin, arm in arm. Captain Halford chanced to look down and see Vane.

"Do you know whom you have there?" asked the captain, pointing to Vane.

"A poor fellow whom I found cast away on an island from a trading sloop. He seems to be a pretty brisk hand."

"It's the pirate Vane," said Halford.

The kind-hearted captain was shocked at having on his vessel so notorious a desperado.

"If you like," said Halford, "I'll take him aboard and surrender him at Jamaica. Nobody is safe while he is around."

A few weeks later the wretched malefactor was hanged at Jamaica.

The capacity for liquor was almost as great an evidence of fitness for leadership among the Buccaneers as the capacity for crime. There was no worse indictment against the character of a latter-day pirate than sobriety, and the man who would not get drunk was their true villain.

Harry Glasby was notably one of those who would neither get drunk nor drink, yet on all sides he was acknowledged to be one of the best fellows that ever cut a throat or scuttled a ship. He was so liked, in fact, that he was made commander of one of Roberts' ships. But that a man who would not drink could not be trusted was proven when Roberts' fleet was being careened and scraped at San Domingo.

Glasby and two others tried to escape, although they had signed articles fixing death as the penalty for desertion. They were soon missed; and before they could get away from the coast were overhauled and brought back. A trial was at once ordered. Within an hour the judges were selected, and they gathered around a big bowl of rum punch in the steerage. Pipes were filled, and the smoke of tobacco and grease lamps soon charged the scene with colors as dark as the deeds of the men. Articles of indictment were read, and they were arraigned for violating statutes of their own making. The letter of the law was clearly against them, and the fact proved. Nothing remained but to pass sentence. The presiding judge arose to pronounce judgment, when one of the judges sitting opposite to him said, "Let us take another drink and smoke another pipe."

The presiding judge dipped the cup in the bowl of rum and passed it around as if he had arisen for that purpose. Then they smoked in silence, while the three prisoners looked on in gloomy anticipation of the end.

Valentine Ashplant, the judge who had asked for time, slowly knocked the ashes from his pipe, leaned back in his chair, and brought his fist down heavily upon the table, as he exclaimed: "Glasby shall not die. Damnation seize my soul if he does!"

There were some grunts of disapproval.

Then Ashplant arose and delivered his judgment in a scintillating setting of oaths as thick and heavy as the smoke about his head: "Gentlemen and fellow-men: I'm as good as the best of ye. I never turned my back to any man in my life who was fit to

live. Glasby's a good fellow, and I love him. He'll live and repent of this misdeed, or I'll die with him. The gun that kills him has got to kill me, if it can shoot first."

He then laid his pistols on the table in front of the other learned judges.

The argument was good, and a unanimous verdict of not guilty was returned for Glasby, but the others were not so fortunate. They had no champion; and so were a few minutes later tied to the mast and shot to death for their crime.

A few years later an English gunboat, sent out by the Governor of Jamaica, captured the sloop of which Glasby was master. Most of the men were strung up to their own yard-arms, but Harry Glasby was sent to Spanish Town for trial. So many testimonials of his good character poured in upon the Governor that he was pardoned, and put on board a merchant vessel bound for Liverpool.

Although elaborate laws were drawn up by many of the Buccaneer chiefs and were signed by the crews, yet justice usually meant the whims or caprice of those whose duty it was to judge. In a life without domestic responsibility or patriotism, it is impossible to suppose the equitable administration of law, and the clearest evidence of degeneration or anarchy is the inability to secure individual justice. The whole history of the Buccaneers stands as an unimpeachable testimony to that truth.

They had no system of authority whatever. The superiority of force and fear was the only insignia of office. Obedience was otherwise assured only in battle. Life on shipboard was a reign of confusion.

Some wanted to sing while others desired to sleep. Quarrels over dice and cards were frequent, and the fittest as to alertness and strength usually survived. They rarely went to the place first chosen for attack. Frequently by bad navigation they rode far out of their course and were compelled to attack a place never thought of before. With unparalleled fortitude and stoicism they often endured thirst and hunger which would have killed less hardened men in half the time.

On one occasion Montbar, called the exterminator by the Spaniards, lost his course, and with two hundred men was ten days without food or drink, after having been on short allowances long enough to have exhausted ordinary men. They had abandoned all effort to steer the vessel, and were lying about the decks apparently in a dying condition, when they were hailed by a Spanish coaster, whose curiosity had been aroused by the strange ship that bore all appearances of being deserted.

To the astonishment of the Spaniard, the most cadaverous apparitions he had ever seen in the forms of men sprang to their feet on the deck, grappled his vessel, swarmed over the gunwales, and fell upon his sailors with a ferocity probably never before equaled, even in Buccaneers. In half an hour not a Spaniard was left alive, and within another hour nearly half the pirates were dead from their unlimited gluttony.

The Buccaneers lived always in extremes, always in carousal and uproar. They rarely planned an attack, and usually depended upon a reckless rush. If they used any strategy in a sea-fight, it was to approach *the enemy* so as to avoid a direct fire of heavy artil-

THEY WERE LYING ABOUT THE DECKS APPARENTLY IN A DYING CONDITION

lery. Their best marksmen, as rapidly as possible, picked off the helmsmen, those at the sails and the gunners. If they were in a very inferior boat, they always got under the stern of their enemy's vessel, where the guns could not be depressed to strike them. They would then wedge the rudder, and board in several places at once.

A Jesuit writer of that time says that "Once on board, nothing could prevent them becoming masters of the ship, however numerous the crew. The Spaniard's blood grew cold when those whom they called and looked upon as demons came in sight, and they frequently surrendered at once in order to obtain quarter. If the prize was rich, their lives were spared; but if the cargo proved poor, the Buccaneers often threw the crew into the sea in revenge."

CHAPTER IV

STRATEGY, COMEDY AND TRAGEDY

The Buccaneers were always eager to attack anything in their way that promised booty or glory, and they were so uniformly victorious as to achieve a prestige which in many respects they never deserved. Their strategy usually was of the crudest kind, and only the stupidity of the Spaniards made it successful.

Not infrequently the personal jealousies and animosities of the Spaniards contributed as much as fear to the success of the Buccaneers.

De Lussan tells us that at Queaquilla the people prayed them to destroy the town of Ginandego because of its rhodomontade, which was obligingly done. We can infer from this that the people of Ginandego were so boastful of what they would do if Buccaneers came, and so insulting to those who had submitted to the sea-robbers, that the inhabitants of Queaquilla were glad to see Ginandego destroyed and the braggarts humbled. Long continued idleness and luxury had enervated the Spanish soldier so that he felt little enthusiasm in risking his life to guard the bullion hoarded up by his superiors. As there was never any way to estimate the number of their assailants, who usually came upon them secretly and suddenly, discretion was therefore considered the better part of valor. A handful of men by surprise and dash would often win victories that appeared incredible, and secure

plunder in quantities that made thievery in Europe seem profitless. The first regularly equipped Buccaneering expedition known at Tortuga was that of Pierre-le-Grand, a native of Dieppe, about the year 1654. He began the long series of extraordinary exploits against the Spaniards by capturing, with a canoe and twenty-eight men, the vice-admiral and his ship, which was lying off Cape Tiburon, on the west coast of Hispaniola. The dusk of the evening concealed their insignificant numbers and permitted them to reach the vessel unperceived. All clambered on deck except the chirurgeon, who sunk the skiff and joined his friends through a port-hole. As yet they were undiscovered, and the first warning given the Spaniards was with the bursting open of the cabin door. Half a dozen burly forms appeared thrusting pistols in their faces and flourishing swords about their heads.

"Jesus, bless us! We are beset with devils!" cried the captain, who was playing at cards with the vice-admiral.

In a few minutes the Spanish sailors were prisoners under the hatches, and Pierre-le-Grand was master of the ship. It was well provisioned and richly laden with silver. Wiser than most pirates, Pierre-le-Grand set his prisoners ashore, sailed to France, disposed of his cargo and ship, divided the spoils fairly among his men and settled down to spend the rest of his life as a gentleman of means.

With even more reckless audacity, in the early days of Buccaneering, John Davis went to Nicaragua in a small sloop with ninety men. They sailed up a river about one hundred miles, and hid their vessel

under the boughs of a tree at the shore. Taking eighty of his men in three canoes he traveled at night, and about midnight of the third day reached the town. To the sentinel's hail of "Who goes there?" he replied that they were fishermen. Two Buccaneers went ashore and stabbed the sentinel to prevent any outcry. Then, led by an Indian who had once been a slave in the town, they came to the houses, and, each man knocking on a door, was admitted by the hospitable and unsuspecting owners. Soon cries and lamentations were heard on every side. The alarm spread, and the people were in frantic fear. Then the citizens began to arm themselves and to collect in the plaza. Orders were hastily sent to the garrison of six hundred mounted men. Two hours of pillage passed, and the alarm-bell began to ring. Davis knew that they must be well out of the town before the people recovered from their panic or discovered the insignificant number of the robbers. The Buccaneers collected in a hollow square about those carrying the booty. With a score of the principal citizens as prisoners, they began their retreat, followed by ten times their number of armed men. The six hundred cavalrymen attacked them, but were repulsed, and they reached their boats with plunder worth $60,000. The whole expedition had occupied only eight days, and not a single man had been lost.

Another pirate named Davis was one of the most accomplished strategists of his kind. He was so diplomatic, courtly and hospitable that he has been aptly called the "Ulysses of the seas." Having persuaded the crew of a sloop at Martinique to seize the

vessel and make him captain, he started out on the peculiar career of Buccaneering by strategy.

While plundering a French ship of twelve guns, which he had surprised and captured without firing a shot, another with twenty-four guns and sixty men hove in sight. His men were afraid of the newcomer, but Captain Howell Davis was a man of resources, and he promised to capture the ship by strategy if they would obey his orders.

Arranging the prisoners on the deck of his prize as if they were a part of the crew, and leaving enough of his men on board the French vessel to sail her, he boldly went alongside the approaching French ship. Running up the black flag, he demanded immediate surrender. The French captain, astonished at the audacity of his little antagonist, replied with a similar demand.

Then they exchanged broadsides, and Captain Davis told the Frenchman that if he did not surrender by the time the larger vessel came up, no quarter would be given. By this time the French prize was coming on at full sail, her decks apparently crowded with Buccaneers. Believing the odds too great, and a massacre of his men imminent, the French captain surrendered, allowing his men to be bound and placed in confinement on board the sloop.

His next strategetical exploit was at Santiago, where he landed for water. The governor of the castle did not like the appearance of his visitors, and plainly told them so. They indignantly denied the imputation that they were pirates; but night having come on, they suddenly rushed into the poorly guarded fort and turned its guns on the governor's mansion, where the

retreating soldiers had hurriedly fortified themselves. In a few hours, having pillaged and dismantled the fort, the bold gentry sailed away, just as the distracted inhabitants had collected their wits and prepared themselves, twenty to one, to overwhelm the impudent invaders.

Their force had now reached the superior number of seventy men, and they resolved to steer for Africa and attack the castle or fort at Gambia, on the coast of Guinea. Reaching Gambia without mishap or adventure, the captain represented himself to the governor as a trader, with a cargo of iron and plate to exchange for slaves. The governor was so pleased with the trader and his two companions that he invited the gentlemen to dine with him. The invitation was accepted, but Davis said he must return to his vessel to see it properly anchored, declaring, however that he would return in due time for the dinner. He went out to his sloop, and soon returned with half a dozen of his men, each with a double brace of pistols concealed under his waistcoat. He directed them to the guardroom, where a sentinel and three or four soldiers had charge of a quantity of arms and ammunition.

Dinner was not quite ready, and the governor ordered his servants to prepare a bowl of punch. When it was ready and the servants had left the room, Davis arose, and presenting a pistol at the head of the astonished governor, said sternly: "Surrender the fort at once or you are a dead man." Then the boatswain fired a shot through the window as a signal for the Buccaneers at the guardhouse to secure the soldiers there. In a few minutes the black flag of the

"SURRENDER THE FORT AT ONCE OR YOU ARE A DEAD MAN"

pirates was floating from the flagstaff of the fort, as a signal for the others in the sloop to come ashore.

After securing all the booty at hand, they were about to set sail when they perceived a French vessel of fourteen guns bearing down upon them.

Davis prepared for the struggle, and ran up the black flag. To his joy and surprise the stranger also ran up a black flag. These brothers in the black-flag business then started on a cruise together. Off the coast of Sierra Leone, Davis being in advance, fell in with a vessel much larger than his own. As he came alongside, the ship fired a broadside at him and displayed the black flag. Davis fired a gun to leeward, and also flung out a black flag. Then there was another happy meeting of freebooting brethren.

Together they attacked the fort at Sierra Leone, and the soldiers fled, then Davis was chosen commodore of the squadron. With this formidable combination, much damage might have been done if the French and English had been able to remain at peace with each other. But they soon quarreled and separated.

Davis went to the Isle of Prince, and represented himself to the governor as commander of an English war-vessel sent out to hunt pirates. The Portuguese authorities were so pleased to have such a vessel in their habor that they did her the special honor of sending a file of musketeers to escort her commander to the fort.

His plan was to present the governor with a few negroes in token of good will, and to invite him with all the chief personages of the place to dine on shipboard, where they were to be seized and held for ransom.

Everything promised success, when a negro, overhearing the plan, sprang overboard in the night and carried intelligence of the plot to the governor. Soon discovering the absence of the negro, the pirates suspected what had occurred, and the morning confirmed their doubts. Determined not to fail, they landed and attacked the now well-prepared fort. They succeeded in setting it on fire, and were in a fair way to capture it when Davis fell, mortally wounded. Deprived of their commander, they wavered, and then retreated to their boats in good order, keeping the Portuguese at bay. At the boats there was a sharp conflict, but the Buccaneers pushed off from the shore without leaving a man behind them. Davis, with the rallying strength of a dying man, raised himself and fired both his pistols at the enemy and fell back dead.

In contrast to the strategy of Howell Davis was the impetuosity of Lawrence De Graff, a Dutchman, born at Ostend. His name became such a terror that the monks of the Spanish Main included in their prayers a petition to be delivered from "Lorencillo," as they called him. The French spoke of him as "Laurient," and his exploits have thus been ascribed to three different men.

So invincible was he considered that the "Brethren of the Coast" were accustomed to use his name as a war-cry to demoralize the Spaniards. Many vessels are known to have surrendered at the sound of his name without firing a gun. Knowing that no quarter would ever be shown him, he always fought with preparations to blow up his powder-magazine should the fight go against him.

At Cartagena it was learned that he was near with a small vessel, poorly equipped and manned. Two frigates were sent to capture him, but by the impetuosity and swiftness of his attack he captured them both, and thanked the city for their splendid donation.

Not long after, the admiral and vice-admiral of a galleon fleet, each in a vessel carrying sixty guns, were ordered to take him at any cost.

As they approached, he made a speech to his men. "You see," said he, "that we are to kill or be killed. You have had too much experience not to be sensible of your danger, and you are too courageous to fear it. Valor, rashness, and even despair itself must now be employed. When I see that we are lost, our powder-magazine will be exploded as near under the enemy's side as we can get."

He ran his vessel directly between the two Spanish men-of-war. His sharpshooters, ranged on each side, killed forty-eight Spaniards at the first fire. He sent a French shot at the mainmast of the larger vessel, and cut it down. Not a Spaniard could appear at the guns, the sails or the helms without being shot down. Despairing of victory over such an antagonist, the admiral abandoned the vice-admiral and left De Graff conqueror. The French government was so delighted that it made De Graff a citizen, and issued to him a special pardon for having killed his ranking officer, Van Horn, in a quarrel.

A little later the Spaniards at Cartagena tried again to capture him, sending out three ships, carrying together seventy-eight guns. In a four hours' action he killed four hundred Spaniards and sunk their ships.

The French then being at war with the English, he

landed at Jamaica, leveled three forts, burnt a town and carried off three thousand slaves, besides a ship-load of rich merchandise.

One time, while prowling about Cartagena, he gave chase to a vessel of forty-eight guns and four hundred men. His sloop struck on a reef and went to pieces. His men got their long boats overboard, continued the chase and captured the prize.

In 1686 he was made a major in the French army. Later he was made commandant at the Isle de la Vache. Two thousand Spaniards came to drive the settlers away, but when they heard who commanded the French, they retreated.

In 1694 De Graff headed an invasion of Jamaica with fourteen vessels and five hundred and fifty men. Fourteen hundred musketeers, with twelve heavy guns, defended the intrenchments; but he drove them out, with a loss of one-third of their number and captured nine ships, losing only twenty-two of his own men.

After this he was accused of intriguing with the enemies of France, and Du Casse instituted proceedings against him. The Spaniards offered in 1696 to make him a vice-admiral in their navy, but instead of accepting he tendered his services to the governor of Jamaica. The governor replied: "You have betrayed three nations, and will not be true to the fourth."

It is believed that he then retired from active service and lived long in peaceful obscurity, since there is no record of his subsequent career. A man so famous could not have met a violent death without some of the contemporaneous writers having made a note of it.

He was described as being tall and of distinguished

bearing. His face was fair, and he wore his mustache so long that it could be tied back of his neck. He had a courtly address, and never laid aside his drawing-room manners. He was fond of music, and the walls of his abode were adorned with many kinds of musical instruments interspersed with his guns and pistols. Next to courage, musical ability was the surest passport to his esteem. De Graff was one of the few genuine gentlemen of the sea.

The uniform ease with which the Buccaneers overcame the Spaniards make the latter appear as exceptionally easy victims. But they were often to the last degree courageous and obstinate in defense. It was the quickness and the terrific energy of the pirates that made them so formidable. The Spaniards were not alone in suffering ridiculous defeats. Even the English have in their records numerous similar accidents of fortune.

Captain Peralta, a brave old Andalusian, captured by Sawkins and Sharpe at Panama in 1680, after the most desperate battle of their career, said: "The English are the most valiant men in the world. They always fight openly, and so succeed. We, in common with all other nations, resort to all imaginable ways to protect ourselves, and so lose."

In the West Indian *mélange* of nations there was a perpetual kaleidoscopic change of friendship and mastery. The allies of yesterday were likely to be hammering at one another's heads to-day, and storming a fort side by side on the morrow.

The English had a garrison of fifty men in a fort at Tobago. M. Vincent, governor of Grenada, concluded that he could take it with twenty-five volun-

teers. He landed at night, and the next morning, taking up a position just over the brow of a hill from the fort, proceeded to make a great noise with two drums, as if a large force were being mustered in battle array.

M. Vincent, under a flag of truce, sent one of his men to the fort, with a demand for immediate surrender or no quarter would be given, as the French army had other urgent work to do and could not tarry long. If they wished to talk over terms, the commander must come himself, as there was no time to waste in parleying.

The messenger, contrary to the laws of war, carried a gun, but the English commander came out to meet him, carrying only his sword. After the Frenchman had very impressively urged the necessity of haste in the negotiations, the English commander concluded to accompany him back to the French army and so facilitate matters. At the top of the hill, the English captain looked down upon a French army of only fourteen volunteers. But the messenger's gun was pointed at his breast, and he was compelled to send back an order for surrender.

The comedies of these islands were well-nigh as numerous as the tragedies; and the land-crabs, so execrated by the American soldiers in the Cuban campaign of the Spanish-American war, have a specially good story to their credit.

Cromwell sent Admiral Penn and General Venables with nine thousand men to strike the Spaniards a fatal blow in San Domingo. Some hard fighting had been done, with but little result, when the English planned a crushing surprise at night. The advance line had

formed and started forward in the dark from the boats, when from behind the copse they heard the clatter of what seemed to be an overwhelming force of mounted Spanish lancers. These veterans of Cromwell could fight Britons, Scots and the Irish, but Spanish lancers in the dark were an unknown danger. They paused, and the lancers paused. Unquestionably the English were in the presence of an appalling ambush. They pressed forward again with all their usual courage, but the clatter began again with redoubled sound, as if all the forces of Spain were about to be turned loose upon them. An attack by unseen foes seemed imminent. A panic seized the English veterans, and they fled to their boats. No urging could induce them to return, and shortly afterward the unsuccessful expedition sailed for England.

The terrifying lancers were proven not long after to have been only frightened land-crabs, scurrying through the dry leaves in frantic efforts to escape from their new foes. How much they had to do with the history of unhappy San Domingo is a subject for curious speculation. Cromwell imprisoned the two commanders, and they died in disgrace.

The spirit of brigandage was at that time abroad among all nations, but there still remained many a noble example of unwavering fidelity to lofty ideals.

Laudonnière's case is an instance. In 1564 he was sent by the French king with three ship-loads of picked-up characters to found a colony in the Carolinas. Etienne was a Genevan adventurer, who had come over with Laudonnière in the expectation of great fortune easily won. Being disappointed, he succeeded in persuading sixty-six of his comrades to seize

two of the smaller vessels and proceed on an expedition against the Spaniards. Great secrecy was maintained until everything was well prepared for revolt.

Laudonnière was sick in bed when the mutineers surprised him with their demands. He counseled them against the evil they were about to do, and warned them of their fate. But with the true swagger and blasphemy of pirates, they said: "All has been considered, sir. The step is irrevocable, and we are determined that it shall be by your authority."

Laudonnière's attendant tried to prevent their rough conduct toward the sick man and was severely stabbed. A commission duly prepared was thrust into the commander's face; and with a dagger at his throat, he was forced to sign it.

Off the coast of San Domingo they captured a richly laden patache containing the governor of Jamaica and his two sons. In order to get the heavy ransom he promised, they allowed him to send his negro servant, with a message for the money, to his wife at Spanish Town. He secretly gave other instructions, and the next morning three war-vessels blocked the entrance of the harbor. The smaller vessel being near the open sea escaped, but the other was captured. The men were put in irons, and the trial was proceeding when Laudonnière arrived in pursuit of them. They made a pitiful appeal to their old commander to save them, but he sternly informed them that it was what he had hoped to be able to do to them himself. One wretch, as he was being led away to be hanged, stretched out his hands to his late companions, crying, "Comrades, can you suffer us to perish thus and make no effort to save us?"

L'AUDONNIERE'S ATTENDANT WAS SEVERELY STABBED

"Pirates are not our comrades," was the reply their former messmates indignantly threw back at the condemned men. Colonial governors and prominent merchants generally were not so scrupulous as this in their regard for justice on the high seas. The governors of the Carolinas and the merchants of New York had easy consciences in that respect. Many a princely fortune in New York was acquired by illegal traffic with the West Indian pirates.

The meteoric six months' career of Captain Worley furnished abundant evidence of the complicity of New York merchants of high standing, but no action was ever taken against them.

Captain Worley left New York in September of 1718 with a small open boat and eight men armed with six muskets. Meeting a shallop just outside the bay, they came alongside and boarded it before the owners discovered their intention. They exchanged boats, keeping all that was serviceable, and in a few days found three small sloops anchored off the Jersey coast. These they easily captured, and fitting out the best one, sailed on their way unmolested. At the end of five months they had a large, swift-sailing sloop and a shallop, well armed and manned.

Off the coast of Virginia they saw two vessels heading for the James River, and at once decided to effect their capture. They hastened to reach the mouth of the river first. Seeing the peculiar maneuvers of the sloop and shallop, the people of Jamestown thought all four of the vessels were pirates coming to attack the town, and hasty preparations were made for as strong a defense as possible.

The two vessels approached without swerving from

their course; and when they were within hailing distance Worley raised the black flag. But the approaching vessels displayed in answer the colors of English men-of-war.

The excited people of Jamestown had rushed down to the shore when the news of the approaching pirates spread among them, and a hearty cheer echoed across the waters when they saw that the pirates were trapped.

Worley and his men fought till only he and another man were left alive. These two were brought ashore and hanged at once, so that the penalty could be exacted before they died of their wounds. Among the papers found in their boats were receipted bills from numerous reputable New York merchants, together with considerable evidence to show that Worley had started on his career at their instigation.

It is very clear that there could have been no profit in piracy if there had not been a ready market for the booty, and the vast wealth accumulated at the riotous ports of Jamaica, Providence, St. Christopher, Martinique, Curaçao and Barbadoes made many envious merchants at Marseilles, Liverpool and New York endeavor to emulate the example.

In 1712 the merchants of Marseilles openly fitted out a plundering expedition. Cassard, the corsair from Nantes, was placed in command. He arrived at Surinam with thirty-eight well equipped vessels, and plundered the Dutch with such wantonness and brutality that they abandoned their houses and took refuge in the woods.

As a diversion Cassard, who was not as pious as the average French Buccaneer, went into a Jewish syna-

gogue with some of his jesting and jeering men dragging a squealing hog by the hind feet. It was taken to the sacred precincts and killed with mock solemnity, and its sacrilegious blood scattered over everything.

In a few days some wealthy Jews succeeded in buying him off for a quarter of a million dollars.

Cassard then went to Curaçao and demanded an immediate and unconditional surrender.

"We are anxious to see so charming a captain," was their taunting reply. "Sail in and visit us"

Agreeably to the invitation the corsair fleet sailed into the harbor, and was as expeditiously driven out. The Dutch were so well prepared that Cassard found if he accomplished anything it must be done by strategy. Part of his fleet was sent off on a cruise around the island, while the remainder began a steady bombardment of the forts. At night he secretly landed a force of men near the forts and erected elaborate breastworks of earth. These he fitted with the best guns from his ships, and when morning came he opened a fiercer bombardment than before, both from his fleet and the land batteries. In a few hours the fort became untenable, and a timely assault drove the Dutch soldiers back into the town. Cassard then turned the guns of the fort on the town, and demanded a ransom of six hundred thousand louis d'or, which was paid in three days.

He then sailed for Martinique, where he found himself superseded in command and the fleet ordered home.

On the way they fell in with an English fleet. His admiral signaled him not to attack. He instantly replied: "*My duty to* my country is greater than my

duty to my admiral. My country commands me to fight my king's foes wherever they are found."

Finding two vessels some distance from the main body, he attacked and captured them before the rest of the English fleet could come to their assistance. With these prizes he sailed on to Brest alone. But the political powers, if not the fates, were against him, and the "Hero of Nantes" was soon after thrown into prison on the charge of "importuning the cardinal and the king's ministers too much for so-called rights."

He was released after a long imprisonment, but it was to die of neglect in poverty and misery, robbed of his share in the rich spoils turned over to the merchants of Marseilles.

There is now a statue to him in his native town.

CHAPTER V

HUMOR, LOVE AND GENEROSITY

The humorous side of Buccaneer life was never told by the writers from whom is taken all that is known of those anomalous characters of the sea. It was the theory that they fought and plundered only for the means wherewith to be hilarious, and it is supposed that most of their days, and nights as well, were spent in a kind of uproarious jocularity. "A merry life and a short one," was their motto, and it ought to have furnished material for a very amusing history with which to parallel the tragedy.

The Spanish writers were too full of hatred, the Dutch too gloomy, the English too stolid, and the French too pious and boastful to shed any light on the humors of the pirate. But glimpses may be had through them all of a very merry life indeed, however much it was tempered with horse-play brutality and ruffianly carousal.

Off St. Christopher one of Ned Low's crews captured a cargo of horses from Rhode Island. The crew and passengers were put out on deck and the horses stampeded among them, while the Buccaneers, forming an outside ring, cursed and shouted in uproarious glee, as they beat and prodded the maddened animals till many of the unfortunate men inside were fatally injured and most of the horses had jumped overboard. Then the pirates *sprang* upon the backs of the remain-

ing horses and rode yelling around the decks, driving them over the people and colliding with one another in side-splitting hilarity. When one of the Buccaneers was thrown off, he immediately began to beat the nearest passenger and overwhelm him with abuse for not bringing saddles, bridles and spurs, as no gentleman could ride safely without them.

Ned Low was a fit leader for such a crew. He was born in the slums of Westminster and trained to the form of thievery known as "kinchin lay,"—that is, the robbery of errand children. Then he became a footman in the lobby of the House of Commons, where he earned a wide reputation in his fraternity as a successful gambler. Being of a restless disposition, he shipped to Honduras as a log-wood cutter. There, in 1720, he persuaded twelve of his companions to help him steal a small *piragua*, in which they recklessly put to sea. The third day out they captured a serviceable sloop and soon after fell in with Lowther, who made Low his lieutenant. The partnership did not last long; and after an inglorious career, Lowther was run upon the shore of San Domingo by a vessel of the South Sea Company, and chased into a lignum vitæ forest so closely by the Spanish governor that he killed himself.

Low had a more extended career. He operated chiefly between Barbadoes and the English colonies on the American coast. He defeated many expeditions sent to capture him and outrode the terrible hurricane of 1722, which nearly destroyed Port Royal and foundered almost every vessel in its path. His career was that of the most brutal type of pirates, *almost* equal in bloody ferocity to the archfiend known

THEY RODE YELLING AROUND THE DECKS

as L'Olonnois, the stories of their abominable atrocities and tortures inflicted upon defenseless prisoners being too sickening and horrible to relate or to hear.

He had an especial hatred for New Englanders, and he never lost an opportunity to practise upon them the most unutterable cruelties. It is one of the curious features of history that so notorious a character should suddenly disappear and nothing be known of his end. After capturing and destroying several million dollars' worth of shipping, and torturing to death several hundred persons, he sailed toward the coast of Guinea, and was heard of no more.

It was customary, when a captain had paid a ransom for his ship, to take a receipt showing that he had purchased immunity from further demands. Many of these quittances are on exhibition in the British Museum, and some of them show a sort of grim humor which the victims were doubtless unable to appreciate.

One of them is worded thus: "This is to whom it doth or doth not concern: That we, gentlemen of the Lone Rover, have received ten pounds of gold-dust as a token of respect from Captain Holder of the brig Moonshine. Furthermore, it is the honorable discharge of his ship from further obligations to his brethren of the sea. Witness our hands, February 20, 1722.

"BEAUTY WHIPSKIN,
"Boatswain.
"UGLY PLUGHEAD,
"Ship's Carpenter."

In 1687 Captain David met the Spanish ship Catalina off Callao. The ship defended itself, not aggressively, but very persistently, and the pirates had recourse to rum to keep up their spirits in the

face of such extended resistance. They continued to fall to the leeward, and tried twenty times to board, but they were so drunk that they could not climb over the side of their vessel. The best they could do was to prop themselves up against the sides of the cabin and fire at the enemy's deck. For two days the drunken Buccaneers floundered around their antagonist, who, gaining courage from the harmless exertions of the pirates, hoisted the bloody flag. But on the third day the men became sober enough to get to the windward and bear down directly on the Spaniard. Terror-stricken at the recovered strength of the Buccaneers, the Spanish captain ran his ship ashore, where it went to pieces, and all but two men were drowned.

About the same time an expedition of French and English Buccaneers, ravaging the coasts about Panama, captured Santa Catalina and sent sixty mounted men to take Nicoya. Here they found among the Governor's effects some entertaining letters from the Governor of Panama.

"These new Turks," said he, "land at places on the coast so high that no sentinels have ever been placed there, and they pass through forests and swamps with the ease and facility of wild beasts. When they come to a town or encounter a force, they briskly fall on, singing and dancing as if they were going to a feast. But worst of all, those enemies of God and the saints profane the churches, defile the holy places and destroy the servants of the High and Holy One. Whenever these irreligious men set their hands against us, whether on land or sea, the devil and his angels *direct* them to victory."

Having made themselves masters of Guayaquil, they retired to the little island of La Puna, which was a paradise of tropical beauty, and lived a month in a state of bliss as the guests of the conquered people. It was a continuous revel of feasting and dancing to the sound of lutes, harps, theorbos and guitars.

Ravenau de Lussan, who was one of the merriest of the lot, says: "After the Spanish ladies came to know us better, they did not retain all the aversion for us that had been inculcated into them when we were strangers. Our people were so charmed with this way of living that they forgot their past miseries, and thought no more of danger from the Spaniards than if they had been in the middle of Paris.

"Among the rest, myself had one pretty adventure. A young gentlewoman, lately become the widow of the treasurer of the town, who had been slain when it was taken, was one of our prisoners. Now, this woman appeared so far comforted for her loss, out of a hard-heartedness they have in this country toward one another, that she proposed to hide me and herself in some corner of the island until our people were gone, and then she would bring me to Guayaquil to marry her; that she would procure me her husband's office, and vest me with his estate, which was very great."

The gallant then told the Spanish lady that he feared her friends could not so easily master their resentment toward one of their enemies.

To prove his suspicion unfounded, she obtained secretly a written guarantee from the Governor and all the chief officers that he should be treated as one of them.

De Lussan found himself much perplexed and much inclined to accept her gracious offers.

"I had two powerful reasons to induce me thereunto," he says, "one of which was the miserable and languishing life we led, in perpetual hazard of losing it. The advantageous offer of a pretty woman with a considerable settlement would free me from all that. The other proceeded from the despair I was in of ever being able to return to my native country. But when I began to reflect upon these things with a little more leisure and consideration, and resolved within myself how little trust was to be given to the promises and faith of so perfidious and vindictive a nation as the Spaniards, I was decided, in spite of the grief and tears of this pretty woman, to prefer the continuance of my troubles, with the ray of hope I had of again seeing France. Thus I rejected her proposals, but assured her that I should retain even as long as I lived a lively reciprocation of her affections and good inclinations toward me."

New Year's Day, 1688, they set out on their overland journey across the isthmus — a remarkable and masterly retreat, in which three hundred invisible Spanish horsemen accompanied them on each side for several days through the thick forests, with continuous strains of martial music. The hardy men fought their way through the trap set for them, and reaching the coast, found a vessel bound for Jamaica. By a bribe they induced the captain to go beyond and land them in the French settlement in Haiti. Later, Ravenau de Lussan reached Dieppe, of which he wrote: "I had so little hopes of ever getting back

that I could not for the space of fifteen days take my return for any other than an illusion; and it proceeded so far with me that I shunned sleep, for fear that on awakening I should find myself again in those countries out of which, by the providence of God, I was now safely delivered."

De Lussan was also somewhat of a philosopher as well as a Buccaneer. As a digression from his story of the warm friendship which showed itself in tears and lamentations when the Buccaneers accepted as a ransom forty-two thousand pieces of eight,* and sailed away from the island of La Puna, he says: "In this respect the Spanish ladies were not singular. The women of Mexico and Peru met the ardor of the first Spaniards with no less complacency; and, in more ancient times, the Phrygian damsels solaced themselves with the love of the Greeks while Troy was in flames—and woman is still woman. If the author might risk a sportive conjecture on this subject, he would say that as love in the language of every people is represented under the similitude of war and conquest, and beauty as the proper reward of valor, perhaps the ladies think the conquerors of their country have an unquestionable right to their affections; or perhaps their simpler minds, not being able to separate the idea of gallantry in love from that of gallantry in war, believe that a hero in one way, must also be a hero in the other."

Kingsley's "Isle of Aves" was inspired by De Lussan's stirring story of La Puna, although one wonders why the Aves Islands were selected as the scene of the lively poem. Two stanzas are as follows:

*A *"piece of eight"* equals $1.00.

Oh, the palms grew high in Aves and fruits that shone like gold;
And the colibris and parrots, they were gorgeous to behold;
And the negro maids to Aves from bondage fast did flee
To welcome gallant sailors a-sweeping in the sea.

Oh, sweet it was in Aves to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

Ravenau De Lussan passed through all the experiences of a Buccaneer except hanging. He served as *engagé* three years under a man so brutal that his personal appeal to the Governor secured his release. Being indebted to the Governor for some borrowed money, he says: "I thought it the part of an honest man to repay it. But not having the wherewithal, I bethought myself of borrowing from the Spaniards as much money as I wanted,—the more especially as this mode of raising funds is attended with one great advantage: nobody is under the obligation of repaying."

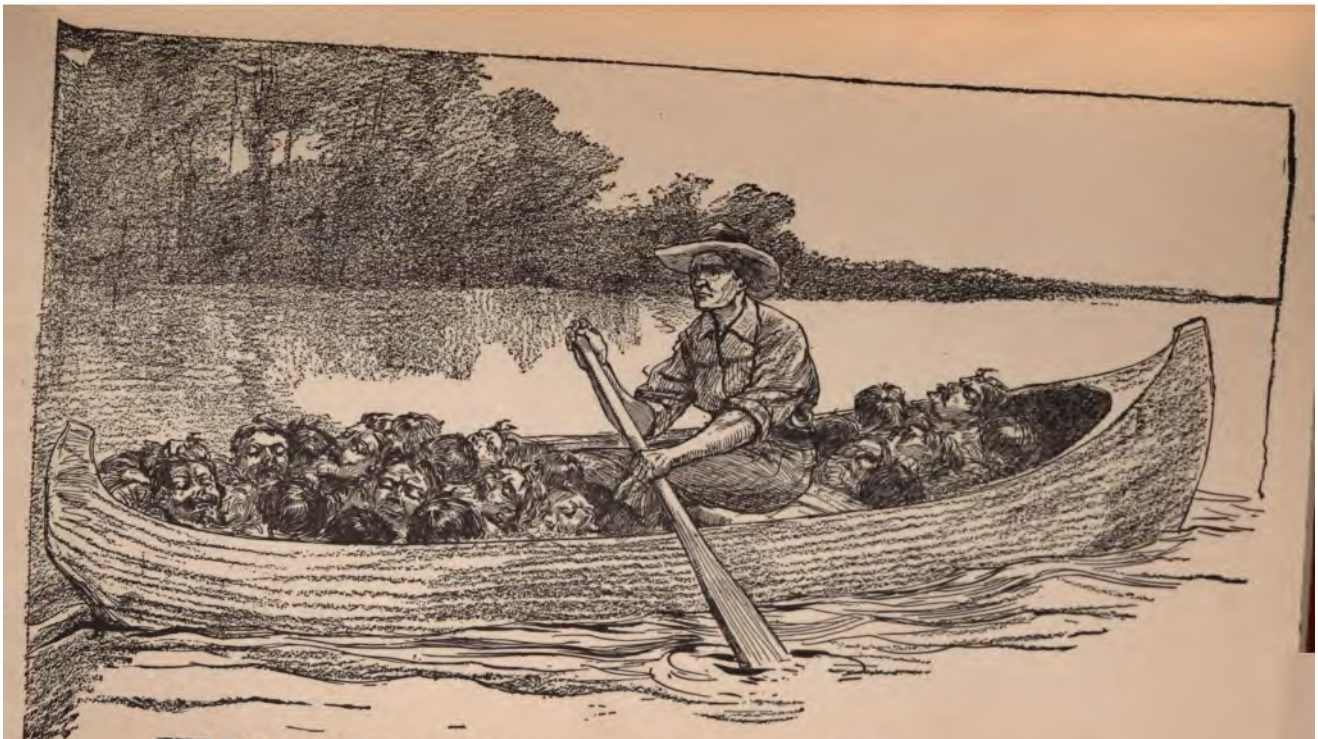
He started out with De Graff, but finally entered the expedition to Panama, which his pen has rendered so memorable for the insight given into the life and character of the Buccaneers.

His style is always piquant and entertaining.

In fording a river at the outset of their expedition some lost their guns, but he says: "God was very good to them, disposing of enough by drowning so that those who lost their arms were thereby supplied."

In speaking of the scenery at Cheriquito, he says: "It would have been very delightful if we had not been too hungry to enjoy it."

At Granada he recorded the following impatient *complaint:* "The rascally Spaniards! Many of them



THE BUCCANEERS SENT A SPANIARD TO THE ALCADE WITH A CANOE-LOAD OF HEADS

preferred to be tortured to death rather than to disclose their paltry bags of silver."

He left his countryman Grognet, and followed the fortunes of Captain Townley, an Englishman, toward Panama, across the isthmus. They took the town at the Bay of Villia, and a curious rivalry and diversion sprang up between the *alcalde mayor* of the province and the Buccaneers. The Spaniards killed three Buccaneers, and stuck their heads upon poles at the river-bank where the men were captured. The pirates, coming to this place, took the gruesome objects down and elevated four of their prisoners' heads in like manner. Then the *alcalde* released one of his Buccaneer prisoners with all the heads of the other prisoners that he could carry in his arms. The Buccaneers, not to be outdone, sent a Spaniard to the *alcalde* with a canoe-load of heads. At this the *alcalde* acknowledged himself overreached, and dropped out of the unequal exchange.

De Lussan says of these remarkable amenities: "I confess this was a violent way of proceeding, but we had no other method left us to bring the Spaniards to reason, and we knew them to be people, who, without we showed this resolution, would despise us, and be so much the more bent on ruining us in a short time, by how much the more indifferent we showed ourselves, for they are not courageous unless they believe their enemies are of a cowardly nature."

At their demand for a ransom of the town, the *alcalde* replied: "All the ransom I take upon myself to give is powder and ball, whereof I have a goodly store awaiting you. As to the prisoners you have taken in the village, I commit them into the hands of

God. Moreover, our people are coming in from all directions in the hope of meeting such famous visitors."

This angered the Buccaneers so that they burned the town and killed all of the prisoners who could not produce a satisfactory ransom.

At this the *alcalde* paid the ransom demanded, and added ten beeves, twenty sheep, and three hundred pounds of meal for every day that the distinguished visitors chose to remain.

Unhappily, when they sailed away, they forgot to take any water with them, and so were compelled to anchor off the Isle of Iguana for the purpose of rectifying the mistake. The water there was too brackish to be drunk, and the nearest to be had was on the mainland, but the Spaniards had followed them, and four thousand soldiers lined the shore.

With his usual drollery, De Lussan says: "We resolved, rather than die of thirst, to make a descent with two hundred men on terra firma, in order to procure some water, in spite of the Spaniards, whom we found about an hundred paces from the seaside, lying in the grass. After a short fight, we put them all to flight, seeing we were a people who would hazard so much for so small a matter."

The Spaniards often made elaborate plots for the destruction of invading Buccaneers, but "the devil keeps his own," as they believed of these irresistible enemies.

On one of King's Islands, near Panama, the Buccaneers captured a Greek, who was captain of a *piragua*. He desired to join them, saying that he could lead them to some rich and unguarded prizes in *the river Seppa*.

De Lussan says: "He brought us, two hours before daylight, to the town; and as the moon shone very bright, we stayed for some time waiting for a cloud to obscure it, to facilitate our approach to the ships in the port, whereof we saw two already, which to our thinking had the sails loose. In this was the lure and snare to which the Greek captain led us; but, by the effect of mere chance or rather our own good fortune, we turned away to a ship which we unexpectedly saw going out of port, and gave her chase, taking her without a gunshot. Upon examination of the captain, we discovered that the President of Panama had sent us a Greek, who was to suffer himself to be taken by us, and to whom he had promised a very great reward if he succeeded in the project he had formed of destroying us. The means that had been agreed upon to effect it were to bring us under the forts of that town, allured with the hopes of taking those ships there, wherewith the Greek captain had amused us; and whereof that which seemed to us to have her sails loose was but a sham ship, a pistol-shot from the fort, which was built upon firm land, of sorry planks, ill set together, in which they had set up masts, and adorned her with some sails. As this was the most prominent object, and the first that offered itself in sight, it was not doubted that we, who must believe the same to be on the water, would row up to her, where our canoes must infallibly run far aground and the Spaniards would fall upon us and quickly overpower and destroy us. This information, so advantageous to us, was not so advantageous to our Greek captain. We paid this Greek friend, who had

troubled himself so much for us, by sending him into the other world."

De Lussan abounds in euphemisms for murder. In the river Boca del Chica an Indian guide ran down to the shore and begged to be taken on board, thinking they were Spaniards.

De Lussan says: "We quickly disabused my gentleman, letting the traitor know to whom we had been so kind in our passage by the same river, before he made peace with the Spaniards, that we were become his enemies since he was become ours, and then put him out of a condition ever to serve the Spaniards or to injure us."

After fighting some Spanish vessels all day off the port of Panama, they succeeded in capturing two and driving the others away. While throwing their dead overboard and mending their rigging, they saw two sail bearing toward them from Panama. It was a reinforcement sent to assist the vessels that had just been driven away.

Ravenau De Lussan says: "We bethought ourselves of a stratagem to amuse and make them believe we were taken, which was by putting up Spanish colors in our ships and in the prizes, with English and French ones under them. These two ships came directly up to our ship and we received them after another manner than the one they expected. They fired upon us with great precipitation, and made off toward the little frigate, which they supposed still to be theirs. On approaching close, one of their barks received some grenades, which sent her to the bottom, while one of our *piraguas* boarded the other and *found four packs* of cords, all of the same length,

which they had made ready to tie us up with. But they reckoned their chickens before they were hatched, since these ropes were the occasion that no quarter was given to those in the bark where the ropes were found. We could not but scoff and laugh at the President of Panama, who had sent us ropes wherewith to hang his own men."

At Queaquilla they arranged a very spectacular combat. Seeing a superior number of sail bearing down upon them, they made five hundred of the citizens go out in canoes to witness the fight, and kept on their own decks the Governor and his chief officers to have them witness the cowardice of their sailors. The Buccaneers ran up alongside the Spanish ships, and dared them to board. After taunting them in this way for a few hours, several of the ships were captured and the others dispersed.

Lionel Wafer and Ringrose, two Buccaneer writers, have added many entertaining descriptions of life among the strange devastators of the Spanish Main. Wafer and Ringrose were with the famous expedition in which were Sawkins, Sharpe, Watling, Coxon and others of almost equal notoriety. Wafer was a surgeon, and in returning with Coxon across the isthmus, had among the Indians his most desperate adventures. While he was emptying some powder from a can, a man smoking a pipe came by. An explosion followed, injuring his knee so that he could not travel. Four others who were previously wounded decided to remain with him among the Mosquito Indians, with the forlorn hope that they would recover and find a way to escape.

In a few days Wafer won the good will of the

Indians through a curious but rather perilous incident.

The chief's wife fell ill of a fever, and the Indian medicine-man seated her, naked, on a stone, while he dexterously shot tiny arrows into her flesh to bleed her. Wafer proposed to get the blood with less torture and better results. The chief was incredulous, but let him try, with the understanding that if any harm came to her the surgeon's head would pay the penalty. Wafer took the lancet and caused the venous blood to flow freely and without pain. The chief was alarmed at the copious flow, and swore by his tooth, which was the most dreadful oath the Mosquito Indians knew, that if his wife died he would burn Wafer at the stake. Luckily the woman recovered very quickly after a short sleep, and was correspondingly grateful. Lacenta, the chief, made a speech, calling him the wonder among medicine-men. He was carried around on the shoulders of men to be kissed by every member of the tribe. The chief determined to keep him, and it was only after the failure of several stratagems that the men, who had recovered from their wounds, were enabled to escape to the coast.

The Indians had a very poor breed of dogs, and Wafer proposed to go to England and get them some that would carry the hunters on their backs and run down any animal in the forest. After swearing Wafer by his tooth that he would return with the dogs and marry the chief's daughter, the Indians escorted them safely to the shore, and protected them until a ship hove in sight and took them aboard. During this time, Wafer had preserved his journal by carrying it *in a bamboo* cane stopped at both ends.

In the narratives of Ringrose, a pleasing story is told in evidence that even such enemies as the Spaniards and the Buccaneers could be friends in the face of a common danger, and that the Spaniards could likewise be grateful.

April 17, 1680, after taking the town of Santa Maria, the Buccaneers embarked in thirty-five canoes found there and started down the river to the Pacific Ocean. Ringrose was in one of the heaviest boats. A fearful storm arose in the Gulf of San Miguel, and they were overturned in the surf near an island. The crew succeeded in reaching the shore, where they spent the night in the utmost misery. The next morning they succeeded in kindling a fire, and presently discovered that six Spaniards had been washed ashore, in even a worse condition than their own. These Spaniards were fugitives from the sacking of Santa Maria, but the common misery and the proximity of death made them all forget their animosities. They came together around the same fire, and shared in common the food they could find. Ringrose calls the night he spent there "the sorrowfullest night that till then I ever experimented."

The following afternoon they succeeded in attracting the attention of eight Indians in a *piragua*, who were found to have been allies at the sacking of Porto Bello. The Indians desired forthwith to kill the "Wankers," as the Spaniards were called in cant phrase, but Ringrose succeeded in getting five of them off in his canoe, the Indians having insisted on retaining the other for a slave.

The *piragua* hurried off in the attempt to overtake the *other Buccaneers*, and, late at night, lights were

seen, which the Indians declared belonged to their tribe. A landing was effected, but as they came ashore, sixty Spaniards appeared instead of friendly Indians. The nimble Indians jumped overboard and got away. The Buccaneers tried to defend themselves, but were speedily overpowered. None of the Spaniards could speak English, or French, but Ringrose found one who could speak Latin. He learned that the Spaniards had been prisoners from Santa Maria, and were marooned there by the Buccaneers. The Spaniards decided to make their prisoners an example of retaliation, and torture them to death. But the captive Spaniards, who had remained dazed in the boat, scarcely believing it possible that the captors were their friends, now came forward and interfered. Their story had a strange effect. The Spanish captain came forward and embraced Ringrose, and made him sit with him at his table and eat. He then gave the Buccaneers a canoe, and bade them in God's name depart in peace, with the prayer that they would be as fortunate as they had been merciful and generous.

They set off along the dangerous coast at once, not daring to land in the dark. Next morning they saw a *piragua* dart out from an inlet and pull rapidly toward them. They prepared for a fight, supposing the approaching men to be Spaniards, but there was soon a mutual surprise. They were Buccaneers, who were rejoiced to find Ringrose and his men instead of Spaniards. Accounts differ as to the fate of this gallant writer, but there seems little room for doubt that not long after, he was killed and his entire company massacred in a small town about sixty miles from *Compostela,* in Jalisco.

Unfortunately there are to be found recorded but few acts of humanity between the Spaniards and the Buccaneers. In fact, to show any form of mercy was looked upon as a degeneracy unfitting the man of such conscience for the legitimate requirements of Buccaneering. However, Exquemelin records in his journal, under date of January 27, 1681, that Captain Sharpe tried to save the life of an old *mestizo*, or half-breed Indian, who was condemned to be shot under the charge of having told lies about Arica. They were about to attack that place, and the Indian declared, contrary to their belief, that it had been strongly fortified a short time before. Captain Sharpe took a bowl of water and washing his hands, said: "Gentlemen, I am clear of the blood of this old man; and I will warrant you a hot day for this piece of cruelty whenever we come to fight at Arica."

"These words," said Exquemelin, "were found at the latter end of this expedition of Arica to contain a true and a certain prophecy; our misfortune was that we took the old man's information to be all contrary to the truth."

Regret would be a strange word in the vocabulary of a Buccaneer, and yet not all were able to stifle every sentiment of conscience or repress altogether the feelings that animate the breasts of men.

CHAPTER VI

PHANTOMS OF THE SEA

The pirates of the West Indies performed such astounding exploits during the closing decades of the seventeenth century that, according to the writers of that time, "the mention of their names made the craven grow pale and the boldest less braggart."

However, their admirable courage and desperate valor were almost wholly physical. Bloody combats and wild adventures had no terrors for them, but the phantoms of the sea made them tremble and cringe in superstitious fear.

The English Buccaneers were usually about as fully convinced as the Spaniards that the devil had full charge of their careers, although the French believed that their prayers secured the protection of the saints. It was an age of superstition, and the sea had many phantoms real enough to make the most incredulous quake with dread.

Gibbon said, "There is but a plank between the sailor and eternity," and sometimes, in the face of ocean's terrors the glimmerings of conscience made the Buccaneer feel that perhaps there was not even a plank between him and hell.

The Buccaneers invariably believed in supernatural signs and visitations. Dampier thought the incursions of the French and English across the isthmus to the *South* Sea had been foretold by a witch. On captur-

ing a mail-vessel from Spain bound for Cartagena, he found that every letter to the merchants from their European correspondents warned them that an old woman had been told in a dream that the pirates would find an open door to the South Sea and would ravage the western coast.

Exquemelin describes the terrible effects of a dying negro's curse upon his master, who had beaten him to death.

"Scarce three or four days had passed," says the Buccaneer writer, "after this horrible deed than the Almighty Judge who had heard the cries of that tormented wretch, suffered the evil one suddenly to possess this barbarous and inhuman homicide, so that he beat himself and tore his own flesh after a miserable manner, till he lost the very shape of man, not ceasing to howl and cry without rest by day or night till he died."

About the year 1710, when Lewis was off the coast of Guinea, he gave chase to a swift-sailing Carolina slaver. It showed him a clean pair of heels, and was about to escape. In a rage Lewis ran aloft like a cat, tore a handful of hair from his head and threw it into the air.

"There, good devil," he shrieked, "take that as a token till I come."

The sails swelled out with such a volume of wind that the fore and mainmast were carried away. Nevertheless, the pirate vessel began to gain in the chase, and in an incredibly short time ran alongside the slaver, whose captain was so deranged with fear that he made no resistance.

The slaves on board, being of no value to the

pirates, were ordered to be thrown overboard; but, as Lewis walked among them, a Frenchman named Le Barre chanced to see him fix his gaze on a diminutive and grizzled negro. The black dwarf returned the stare, his eyes glowing more and more like those of a cat in the dark.

Lewis walked over to Le Barre, who was tying the blacks together to make quicker work with them, and, pointing out the impish dwarf, said: "I have a fancy to keep that one for a servant. Unloose him from the rest."

As there was a negro boy near the dwarf, not far from the same size, Le Barre pretended to think he was the one meant. So that when Lewis had gone away the negro boy was put aside, and the dwarf, with the rest, thrown into the sea. It was quite dark, although not yet night, when that uncouth creature was pushed over the side of the ship. He gave an unearthly shriek as he struck the water, and a black cat, heretofore unseen in the ship, struck upon Le Barre's back, scratched his face, and then sprang into the rigging. Immediately a terrific tempest swept the sea and almost swamped the ship. But it was soon over, and as Le Barre went to the cabin the cat walked before him with arched back and swaying tail. In the captain's cabin it stopped and gave Lewis the same look that Le Barre had seen given by the dwarf.

The first word spoken by Le Barre to Lewis showed that the captain was greatly enraged. Peremptory orders were given to go immediately and fetch the slave. Le Barre brought the boy to the cabin, whereupon Lewis ran the miserable slave through with his sword and beat the unfortunate man over the head

THE SLAVES WERE THROWN OVERBOARD

with the flat of the bloody weapon. In the midst of his misery Le Barre noticed that the cat looked on with eyes glinting with pleasure.

At the first opportunity Le Barre tried to run it through with his sword, but quick as he was, the cat was quicker, leaping into his face and scratching him almost blind.

Le Barre secretly informed his French brethren of this remarkable state of affairs, and they were unanimous in the belief that the devil was leading them to certain destruction. Frequent reports came to Le Barre from his friends of Satanic interviews held by Lewis with the diabolical beast, which none could kill.

These interviews were often pointed out to the Englishmen by the quaking French, who piously crossed themselves during the scenes. But the English were scoffers, and they rather liked the black compact that they believed made them irresistible to their enemies.

Some time was spent in African waters, and the evidence that Lewis was wholly in the power of Satan became so indisputable that the Frenchmen determined to use the first opportunity to escape.

At last a large sloop, suited to the needs of the French, was taken. As they were numerically stronger than the English, they fitted it out to their satisfaction, with such provisions and ammunition as they chose, and parted company with the demon-possessed English captain and his friends. Le Barre was chosen commander, and as the wind was blowing hard, they went to a safe anchorage under the lee of the adjacent coast, where they proceeded to arrange their stowage.

Meantime Lewis was frantic with rage at their conduct. Unexpectedly to the French, he prepared his guns for a broadside, and, running alongside their sloop, he called out, "Cut down your masts, or I will sink you." The French being unprepared for such an attack, were compelled to accede to his demands. Then they were ordered ashore, the goods taken back and the sloop scuttled.

The case of the French seemed hopeless, and they begged to be received again on board under the former conditions.

Lewis would not consent, but allowed Le Barre and five others to join him in an all-night debauch in his cabin.

Pretending to be very drunk, the Frenchmen watched Lewis and saw him listen intently to a long warning cry from the cat. He at once went to it in an adjoining room, where the animal seemed to be awaiting him. He sat down, and the cat, springing upon his shoulders, rubbed its nose upon his face and uttered many peculiar sounds. Then it jumped to the floor and disappeared. Lewis arose and staggered out of the room to his drunken companions. The negro cook, having been looking for him, now ran up and said: "Captain, one of the Frenchmen has jumped overboard and swum ashore. They will be boarding us in an hour."

"It is my fate," cried Lewis, in the hearing of all sober enough to hear. "I cannot help it. The devil has just told me that I am to be murdered to-night."

The prophecy proved true, for within an hour the French came pouring unhindered over the sides of the ship. At the first sound of their arrival Le Barre ran

Lewis through with his sword, and the battle for supremacy began. Although the French were more numerous and more desperate, the English prevailed, for there was hardly a Frenchman whose face was not terribly lacerated by the claws of the black cat. As the French were driven over the sides of the ship, they saw the diabolical animal run up the mainmast, sparkling with light like a ball of fire. It ran screaming to the end of the topmost yard-arm over their heads, and, springing out into the darkness, faded away and was seen no more.

A more harrowing story is to be met with in Spanish chronicles of the earlier days of the privateers. It is confirmed by the testimony of many a Buccaneer and *guardacostas* sailing along the shores near the Rio de la Hacha.

As Sir Francis Drake sailed along those coasts in December of 1595, plundering and burning the towns, one village was forewarned by a fisherman whose smack escaped the English fleet. The frantic inhabitants buried their treasures and prepared for flight. The children of the village, about fifty in all, were placed in care of the fisherman on board his boat, while other boats were being provisioned and prepared to carry the people away in safety when the dread privateers made their appearance. A sudden squall arising, the fisherman's smack, with its precious cargo, was torn from its moorings and driven out to sea before the eyes of the distressed parents. But the fisherman was a hardy sailor, and would have safely carried his little passengers into port if the English fleet, which was then approaching, had not fired upon him and forced him farther out to sea. In their efforts

to escape from the English, the distracted parents soon lost sight of the fisherman's boat. In a day the English were gone, and the sleepless people thronged the shores all night in the hope of seeing the fisherman return. Suddenly a glad cry brought all the people to a point on the shore. But it was a ghostly sight that presented itself. The boat was coming full toward them from the open sea, but there were only the outlines of hull, spar, mast, ropes and sail, all in rays of the whitest light. The fisherman was at the helm, and about him the glowing figures of the village children. The parents cried aloud in anxious doubt as they recognized the familiar forms. As a poet wrote:

Near and more near the ship came on,
With all her broad sails spread;
The night was thick, but a phantom light
Around her path was shed,
And the gazers shuddered as on she came,
For against the wind she sped.

As she neared the terror-stricken watchers, the white lines of sail and hull began to fade, the ropes and spars fell one by one into the glistening sea, the faces of the children grew pale, and their outstretched arms fell slowly to their sides. Then, amid the shrieks of the agonized parents, the ghostly vision disappeared, the waters lashed the shore in darkness, and a mighty storm drove the people to their desolate homes.

The chronicler relates that the vision appeared persistently in the way of Admiral Drake. Whenever he looked out upon a dark night the fisherman and his children could be seen in their boat far away on the horizon. In the gloom of every approaching storm,

the mystical sails of the ghostly boat could be seen wide-spread as it rode toward them on the wings of the tempest.

He sailed in January for Escudo, but the glowing phantom followed him. It tracked him to Porto Bello, and the story of the children he had driven out to their death in the sea at Rio de la Hache was continually pressed upon him. The supernatural reproach weighed on his mind. His fearless eyes grew dim, and his brain was racked with feverish dreams. A few days later he died, and the cannons boomed a martial salute over the chieftain as his leaden coffin sank into the sea.

As the fleet sailed away those in the lookout saw the phantom sloop glide swiftly over the grave of the great Tudor captain and disappear in the white mists that arose near the shore.

How much of this is the fancy of the Spanish writer we cannot know, but historians, poets and novelists of every generation since that time have given ear to the marvelous stories of supernatural scenes which plagued the privateer, the Buccaneer and pirate in their career of cruelty and crime.

Under the anomalous conditions of their life on the treacherous sea, the French Buccaneers were strangely religious, while the English were more reasonably full of the worst forms of superstition and devil-worship. Many old women of Jamaica and other English West Indies thrived on the sale of good winds and prosperous voyages. The Mosquito Indians had an enviable reputation as sorcerers. Pirates in those waters frequently went several days out of their course to consult those *old* women and medicine-men. Nearly

every Buccaneer carried charms against storms, Spaniards and the ubiquitous devil. Some of them sought through the sorcerers to appease the devil, and endeavored to secure interviews in order to sell their souls. Men steeped in rum and hardened by bloodshed could not be expected to sail the tragic deep with less faith in black magic and devil-worship.

Treasures were always buried by the Buccaneers with special incantations and invocations to Satan. Blackbeard said he could tell no one where his gold was buried, as he had left it in the care of the devil, with the promise that the one who lived longest should keep it. Captain Kidd very ceremoniously buried his Bible before giving himself completely over to piracy, and of him the poet wrote:

> He ploughed for rich harvests of silver and gold,
> He gathered them all in the deep;
> And he hollowed his granaries far in the mold,
> Where they lay for the devil to keep.

At New Providence there was a wrinkled Indian wench of great age, who had, about the year 1720, acquired considerable fame among the Buccaneers. She sold strings in which she tied knots of wind and weather. Captain Condent, who had shipped from New York as quartermaster on a merchant sloop, and had coolly taken possession of it, having planned a long voyage, went to her and secured her good will by paying double the price she asked for a string she had given him. After carrying havoc to the shipping about the Cape Verde Islands and enriching his crew with abundant booty, he steered for Brazil. Finding that the knots in his wind-and-weather string were *becoming* few, he thought to economize by making

some captured monks pray for the winds and weather desired. They proved poor substitutes, as their prayers seemed to avail nothing. Then he had them ridden around the deck like horses, and flogged to improve their faith, but without perceptible results, although he kept the incompetent priests praying day and night, until they fell speechless and exhausted. Believing them to be impostors, he threw them overboard, fully convinced that his string alone had the genuine power.

From Brazil he went on a profitable cruise to the East Indies and returned to Zanzibar, off the east coast of Africa, where he destroyed some Dutch fortifications and took more booty. He now decided that he had had enough of fortune and adventure. After discussing the matter with his crew, they unanimously voted to go to St. Mary's, divide the spoils of their long cruise and settle for life among the natives.

But the last knot in his magic string had been used, and a prolonged calm settled upon the sea about them. For many days they lay upon the glassy water without a movement of the sails or a ripple in the sea. They had plenty of food, but water became scarce and the crew suffered intolerably from thirst. When they had about given up in despair, a storm as fearful as the calm fell upon them. It did not seem possible that they could escape destruction. In the midst of the roaring tempest Captain Condent bethought himself that some latent power might yet remain in the string. Swinging it over his head, he cried aloud several times to the Indian witch of New Providence on the other side of the globe. Suddenly the string slipped through his fingers like an eel and flew away with the storm. The tempest began to subside, but

when morning came he found that he had lost all reckoning as to where they were, and the murky sky afforded no opportunity for observation. The general opinion prevailed that they should steer to the southwest, and the captain was giving orders to that effect when a strange bird, smaller than a wren, flew furiously into his face. He beat it off, but whenever he attempted to repeat the order it renewed its attack. Warned by this, he changed his order and commanded the helmsman to steer south. The bird immediately flew straight upward until it was lost to sight. The captain adhered to his orders, although the crew threatened mutiny because of their suffering for water. Another day, and the men determined to submit no longer to the dangerous superstition of their captain. He was seized and bound, and the ship turned to the southwest. Hardly had the ship started on its new course when the cry of "Sail ahead!" was heard. Straight before them, growing clearer out of the mist and moving slowly in the same direction, were the dark outlines of a vessel like their own. But what made the crew gasp with horror was to see skeletons manning the rigging and sitting about the deck. At the wheel an enormous specter, horned according to the descriptions they had heard of Satan, sat grinning at them as they drew nearer. A sulphurous vapor seemed to float backward, almost stifling them.

As the German poet wrote:

> The ship was black, her masts were black,
> And her sails coal-black as death,
> And the Evil One steered at the helm
> And mocked at their failing breath.

Suddenly the specter ship became stationary, and

at the same time breakers were heard on the shoals of a reef ahead.

The vessel was at once turned southward, just in time to avoid destruction. Then the crew again turned the ship to the southwest, and the specter ship again loomed up before them. This was warning enough, and they turned south, soon leaving the ghastly specter far behind. The crew released the captain, and as he came on deck he pointed ahead and uttered the joyful cry of land. Through the murky atmosphere they saw dimly the point of a rocky headland. In a little while they reached a sheltered cove and lowered a boat to go ashore for water.

Captain Condent led the way. When they sprang ashore and gained the top of the rock they saw a great cross standing before them, made of stones fastened one upon the other, while at its base lay a corpse with an upraised arm pointing along the shore. A bird, which Captain Condent believed to be the one that flew in his face on the ship, twittered a moment on the cross, and darted away in the direction of the pointing arm.

Although almost too weak to walk, Captain Condent and his men went resolutely in the direction indicated. Half a mile they struggled along the rocky way, when they heard a groan somewhere near.

Then there was the exhilarating shout of "Water! Water!" from one of the men ahead. A moment more and they all fell on their knees at a little stream and drank their fill of the life-giving liquid. As they arose there stood looking at them half a dozen emaciated forms that could hardly be called the figures of men. They could hardly speak, but it was soon

learned that they were all that remained of a score of Portuguese marooned on that desert island three months before by Burgess. Food was at once procured for them from the ship, and, when the vessel was well supplied with water, they sailed away southward to St. Mary's, where they made a just division of their spoils and settled among the natives. A few months later a pardon was issued to them by the Governor of Mascarenhas. Condent went to the Isle of Bourbon to live, and he became such an honored member of society that he married the Governor's sister-in-law. Some time later he went to France with his ill-gotten gains, and became a prosperous merchant at St. Malo.

The Buccaneers were very prone to lay the cause of the specters they saw to cruel deeds of the Spaniards. Their forecastle yarns of adventure nearly always contained a ghost scene from some place of Spanish bloodshed. As Scott wrote in Rokeby, they loved to tell—

> How by the desert isle or key,
> Where Spaniards wrought their cruelty;
> Strange nightly sounds of woe and fear
> Appalled the listening Buccaneer;
> The groan of grief, the shriek of pain,
> Ring from the moonlit groves of cane.

Idleness, ignorance, rum and a spark of conscience to light up a little the career of cruel deeds, filled the imagination of the motley crew with a rich store of legends and ghostly romances during their long voyages in many climes among many strange people.

However, their blood-chilling experiences were not all as supernatural as they seemed. Sometimes their

incorporeal visitors became either ludicrous or deadly realities.

Pirate crews, which were often so troubled by an extra man among them, who came and went, like the evil one searching for the man he wanted, were sometimes likewise disturbed by awaking in the morning with an extra sail that had joined their fleet in the night. These phantom ships frequently proved to be vessels that had been sacked by pirates and abandoned, with their tragic story of blood and dead men upon the deserted decks. Derelicts of this kind became so common that pirates often claimed that the vessels they brought ashore and sold had been found abandoned on the high seas.

In 1720, while Roberts was carousing in wantonness and luxury at Devil's Island, in Surinam River, Guiana, four of his lighter vessels going out on a short expedition up the coast were caught in a heavy fog just off the mouth of the river, where they anchored over night. Rumors that some Portuguese war-ships were expected along the coast led them to observe unusual precautions. When morning came the fog suddenly began to lift with the rising of the sun, and the coming of a stiff breeze. Out of the rising fog they saw bearing down swiftly upon them a gigantic ship whose mighty sails, swelled with the half-gale, were driving her upon them as if they were pigmies or children's toys. There was no time to discover whether it was a phantom or an unheard-of monster built as a man-of-war. Guns began to boom, and each ship was soon so covered with the smoke of its own firing that no one could see what had become of

the enemy. As there was no answering discharge, and they were not run down, the gunners ceased firing, and the smoke quickly went with the wind in a thick cloud. In the midst of it a glimpse of the white specter could be seen. They hastily weighed anchor and followed. In a little while they came alongside of an insignificant sloop, which had been looming in such frightful proportions in the lifting fog, and boarded it. The bloody corpses of a dozen Spaniards and two Buccaneers told the tragic story. As they bent over the bodies a ghostly voice in the rigging startled them, but their fears were quieted when they found that the sound came from a parrot, swearing in the choicest Castilian. Having no use for the vessel, they left it to continue its gruesome voyage toward the southern seas.

Some of these uncanny experiences were not so harmless. Now and then they brought deadly results.

In 1718, off the Bermudas, one of Blackbeard's crews boarded a large fishing-smack drifting aimlessly with the wind, and found the last man aboard dying of the smallpox. Many of the pirates, in their haste to get away, sprang overboard, but the haste was useless, since in a few weeks nearly half of them were dead from the dread disease, before its course was run.

Montbar, the exterminator, on stopping at one of the islets of the Windward Islands to careen his vessel, discovered that the inhospitable place was occupied by well-armed Spaniards equal in numbers to his own. With his usual ardor he set upon them, warning them to expect no quarter. His work of death was soon finished, only one being left alive. *From him* he heard a curious story.

The ship in which they came there was one of the best that ever sailed the seas. It was a slaver, and had a full cargo when a storm arose and mysterious leaks began to fill her hold with water. The pumps were set to work in full force, and the ship's carpenter, with a number of slaves, continuously sought for the strange apertures in the bottom of the vessel, but none could be found. Sometimes the pumps had nearly drained the hold, when the water would begin to creep up again. The carpenter became alarmed, and was filled with superstitious dread. It was surely supernatural. The slaves howled continually in dismal chorus, and the pumps began to wear out and break down in a most unaccountable manner. The ship seemed doomed; and when they came to the islet or reef on which Montbar found them, the opinion unanimously prevailed that some malignant spirits of the deep had determined to sink them in the sea. The vessel was now half full of water, and only one of the pumps would work. At a council it was decided to load their small boat with provisions and go ashore, in the hope that some Spanish vessel would soon pass that way. The negroes filled the air with the most dismal howls and lamentations at their cruel fate. But, curiously enough, the dozen or more selected by the Spanish officers to be taken ashore refused to go, and even forcibly resisted all attempts to make them get into the boat, so determined were they to remain with the sinking ship.

However, the Spaniards dragged the cook overboard into the boat, and on the shore offered up grateful prayers for their delivery.

They expected to see the ship go to the bottom

within an hour, but to their surprise it seemed to rise in the water. The sails were spread to the breeze, and to their amazement it began to move majestically away. The negro cook stretched out his arms implor-ingly toward the departing vessel.

The slave was at once put to torture in order to make him confess that sorcery had been practiced, and that black magic had been used to save the ship for the negroes. His explanation was very simple. Among them were a number of expert divers, who had volunteered to find the leaks in the bottom of the hold. They had secured knives and cut numerous holes in the bottom of the ship in which they could dexterously insert or take out the close-fitting plugs they had made. The carpenter had relied on the slaves almost entirely, and wherever he appeared they closed up the leaks under pretense of searching for them, while others reopened the places as soon as it was safe to do so.

With the rigging full of negroes exultingly waving adieu to the chagrined Spaniards, the ship bore away over the horizon, never to be heard of again.

CHAPTER VII

WOMEN PIRATES

The domestic affairs of the Buccaneers, like all their other moral obligations and institutions, were in a state of chaos. Some of them, however, had honorable families, which had no suspicion that the loved and respected head of the household, while away on his long voyages, was cutting throats, sinking ships and sacking towns. Others had wives at nearly every port at which they had entrance for regular trade.

Charles Eden, Governor of North Carolina, who was so intimate with Blackbeard, performed the ceremony which gave that unmitigated ruffian his fourteenth wife. She was only sixteen years of age at the time, and it is said that he treated her horribly. When Blackbeard came to his last fight, one of the pirates, who knew her, asked him if his wife knew where he had buried his treasure.

"I do not tell secrets to women," he replied, with his usual vocabulary of rabid oaths. "Not one of them ever got a secret from me. The devil is the only one I can trust!"

There are many romantic stories of smooth-tongued pirates breaking the hearts of high-born maidens and bringing disgrace into honorable homes by the discovery that the dashing young man of good credentials and lavish means had been an outlaw on the seas.

Many efforts were made to induce the sea-rovers to become colonists with a fixed domestic life, but kings' pardons and bounties could not reclaim them from the strange infatuation of their dangerous calling.

In 1664, when the French West India Company were given control of the French colonies, they sent a garrison to insure the safety of the people, and then almost depopulated the slums of Paris in order to furnish Haiti and Tortuga with wives for the Buccaneers.

The price of their passage was the only fee required, and most of the men left their sea-faring occupations to become planters. Each man made his own marriage statement; and in the absence of church or legal forms, it constituted the only ceremony.

"I take thee," said they, "without knowing or caring to know who thou art. If anybody from whence thou comest would have had thee, thou wouldst not have come in quest of me. But no matter—I do not desire thee to give me an account of thy past conduct, because I have no right to be offended at it in a time when thou wast at liberty to behave either ill or well according to thy pleasure and will, and because I have no reason to be ashamed of anything thou wast guilty of when thou didst not belong to me. Give me only thy word for the future. I acquit thee of thy past."

But there was a significant warning in conclusion. Striking his hand on the barrel of his gun, he would say: "This will revenge me for any breach of faith in thee; if thou shouldst prove false, be assured that its aim at thee will be true."

Laurence De Graff, whose first wife had been a

IN A FURY SHE FLEW AT HIM WITH A DRAWN DAGGER

Spanish lady of rank, was one day near some of these women, when he made an insulting remark which one of them overheard. In a fury she flew at him with a drawn dagger and forced him to retract everything he had said. Filled with admiration at a woman's doing what no Spaniard had ever been able to do, he at once proposed marriage, and was accepted. It is recorded that she was a worthy helpmeet for the fierce old fighter.

The average home of the few Buccaneers who had families was a curious place. Usually it was a more commodious log or stone house than those of the neighbors, filled with an incongruous mixture of squalor and luxury. The primitive simplicity of his environments and his uncouth mode of life made picturesque and gaudy the rich relics of despoiled ships and sacked towns which adorned his house. Here and there in the huge fireplaces, bars of silver were to be seen, used as andirons, and sometimes images of the saints supported the chimney cranes, from which greasy pots were suspended over the fire to prepare the daily food. There would be nothing astonishing in seeing a child riding as a horse a golden candlestick robbed from some altar in the isthmus, or using a cross as a mallet to crack a handful of nuts.

Doubtless there were sometimes warlike wives who went with their husbands on short expeditions, but the stories of women pirates are hardly authentic enough to have much interest. That women often smuggled themselves aboard in men's clothing, enrolling themselves as members of the crew, is evident from the fact that nearly all articles of agreement signed by pirate crews included a clause specially prohibiting any

sailor from allowing such a thing to be done. Roberts stipulated that the death penalty should be the punishment of any one concerned in a woman's getting aboard.

It is quite likely, however, that there were two women, Mary Reed and Annie Bonney, who fully deserved the title of pirates.

Mary Reed was brought up as a boy in England by her widowed mother in order to secure part of an estate from her husband's relatives, and to enable the child so much the better to help obtain a living, as they were in great destitution. The plot to obtain the inheritance having failed, Mary refused to wear the garb of her sex and ran away as footboy to a French lady. This was far from being a congenial occupation, and she enlisted as a cadet in a Flanders regiment. From that she was promoted to a place in the cavalry, and was then transferred for a time to a man-of-war. Meantime she had fallen in love with a young Fleming who had been a comrade in the army. Her sex being discovered, she was married to the young man, who had become a subordinate officer. So many presents were given them by friends in the army that they were enabled to set up a public tavern, after having secured honorable release from the service. In a short time her husband died, and a neighboring tradesman cheated her out of her property. Finding herself once more destitute, she resumed masculine attire, and enlisted in a regiment in Holland. A little later she shipped as a common sailor on board a vessel bound for the West Indies. On the way, they were captured by English Buccaneers, and as she acknowledged that she was a native of England, they

sent the rest away and detained her on board, not suspecting her sex.

About this time the general amnesty proclamation was given out to induce the sea-rovers to become respectable citizens, and Mary Reed settled with the other sailors in the newly acquired English territory of Jamaica.

In a short time the reformed sailors found themselves destitute and with little means to keep themselves in the necessities of life. Hearing that Captain Rogers was preparing at New Providence an extensive privateering expedition, she went with her comrades to enlist.

Captain Rogers had hardly left port when his crews mutinied and sailed away with the black flag at their masts. Strange to say, on board there was another woman in disguise. This was an equally famous heroine of subsequent pirate stories, named Annie Bonney. Like Mary Reed, her origin was also obscure. Her father was an attorney who had run away from Cork with his servant girl and gone to the Carolinas. Soon after a girl child was born, and the mother died. Annie lived with her father until she was old enough to fall in love, when she ran away with a sailor, whom her father detested. They went to New Providence, and he became a pirate. After a time she ran away with Captain Rackham, accompanying him in many of his most dangerous piratical expeditions. This time they chanced to sail on board the same vessel with Mary Reed.

Through some subtle influence which philosophers may be better able to explain, the two disguised *women fell in* love with each other. The grief was

doubtless mutually poignant when the revelation came that they were both women. It is claimed, with no apparent reason for contradiction, that no one in the crew was aware of their sex excepting Captain Rackham, who, becoming jealous of Annie Bonney's continued intimacy with Mary Reed, was told the secret. What names they bore as men the chronicler does not state.

Captain Rackham, soon after they sailed, asked Mary Reed why so handsome a man should choose such a dangerous life, which must end in battle or at "Execution Dock," as they called the gallows.

"Hanging is no hardship," she replied; "but if it were not for the fear of it, every cowardly poltroon ashore would turn pirate, and so infest the seas that the gallant men of courage would starve. So the dastardly rogues stay at home to cheat the widows and orphans, and to oppress the poor, who have no money with which to buy justice."

The stories of which these women are the heroines stretch out to great length, but nothing is more reliable than that their ship soon ran afoul of a British man-of-war. The fire from the warship that swept their decks became so hot that the pirates began to hide themselves in the hold. This continued till Mary Reed, Annie Bonney and Captain Rackham alone remained above. Enraged at the cowardice of the crew, the two women shouted true pirate invectives at the recreant men and fired their pistols in among them, killing one man and wounding others.

Some of the crew were hanged as soon as captured by the captain of the man-of-war, and the rest were *taken to Jamaica*, where most of them were executed.

The two women were among the condemned, but on the discovery of their sex, they were repricved. Afterward Annie Bonney was pardoned, but Mary Reed died in prison.

Owing to the fact that Europe endeavored to sweep its slums into the West Indies, there was little possibility of the Buccaneers forming a respectable home life, notwithstanding the accession of every new king brought wholesale pardons, and the governments did all they could to induce the pirates to settle down as planters. After each proclamation of pardons, the pirates came into the colonies like bees returning to the hive from a clover field. But according to descriptions of Tortuga, St. Christopher, Guadeloupe, Martinique, Providence and other favorite places in Jamaica, Haiti and Barbadoes, the towns wallowed in such licentiousness and vice as to be second only to the ancient Sodom and Gomorrah.

One of Exquemelin's numerous editors defines Tortuga as "the refuge for all sort of Wickedness, and the Seminary of Pyrats and Thieves."

Thomas Gage, a priest in Central America, was converted to Protestantism by seeing a mouse run away with the consecrated host while he was praying over it, previous to administering the sacrament. After this, he went through the West Indies and wrote a book about them, which was published in 1648 in England. According to his observations he was surprised that some dreadful calamity had not overwhelmed such unspeakably immoral places, since they were worse than ever Babylon had been.

Bishop Coke, who came to the West Indies at the time Wesley brought Methodism to the English col-

onies of America, found even at that late date, when there were only sporadic attempts at piracy, that the old Buccaneer haunts were still dens of carousal, debauchery and vice.

The pirates' hilarity, like their cruelty, was too abominable to be recorded; and from merely incidental descriptions, we are left to suppose that such home life as they had was no better than the brothel.

Since most of them came to shocking deaths, it is doubtless best that there was no one to lament their fate. Even of those who quit piracy and returned to their native land, few escaped ignominious ends. The actual life of the Buccaneer and the romantic story which dazzled the public were vastly different.

The career of Captain Avery illustrates this fact exceptionally well. The Spanish Governor of Peru fitted out two ships at Bristol, England, to defend the western coast of South America against pirates, on one of which Avery was first mate. The two ships, each of thirty-four guns and one hundred and twenty men, were ordered to stop at Corunna, on the northwest coast of Spain, to receive some Spanish-American officials. With little difficulty Avery formed a conspiracy among the men, and the night before the officials were to come on board, sailed out of the harbor upon his piratical career.

After receiving some recruits at Madagascar, they went to the River Indus, where they had the exceptional fortune to capture a Mohammedan vessel bearing the Emperor of Delhi, known as the Great Mogul, his daughter and many of the chief personages of his court, on a religious pilgrimage to Mecca. These

devotees were traveling in magnificent state, and had on board the richest cargo of offerings for the shrines and altars of the sacred city. The personal adornments of diamonds and other jewels were alone enough to make a considerable fortune for every pirate engaged.

The booty was stored in Avery's vessel, as the safest place, each chest of gold and jewels bearing three seals, so that nothing could be stolen without it being known. Early one dark night the sloop having Avery and the treasure on board steered out of the course they were on toward Madagascar, and when morning came the men on the other sloop saw that all the immense booty was gone as if the ocean had swallowed it.

The pirates having the treasure thought that they had done their companions a very shrewd turn. To quote Avery's historian: "None of his men had any Qualms of Honor rising in his Stomach to hinder them consenting to this piece of treachery."

But Avery found his chests of diamonds to be a most burdensome fortune. He sold his ship at the Island of Providence, and left some of his men. With a smaller vessel he sailed along the New England coast, but nowhere dared to offer his diamonds for sale. Meanwhile, as each departing pirate had received only an insignificant share of the plunder, the larger part remained in his possession; and, moreover, all of his first associates had given place to men ignorant of his career and of its gains. He continued his efforts to dispose of his diamonds, but concluded that it was not safe to offer them in so new a country as America, and so sailed for Ireland. On the north

coast he sold his sloop; and keeping the costly diamonds for himself, set out to find a purchaser. He went to Dublin with his immense fortune tied about his waist. But he could find no one to trust, and often suffered for the means to buy food and lodging. At Bristol he took counsel of some old friends. They advised him to put the diamonds into the hands of some respectable merchants whom they would bring. The merchants came, and advancing a small sum, agreed to dispose of the diamonds. When his money was gone, Avery importuned them for more, but their reply was that if he did not cease troubling them, they would hand him over to justice.

Johnson, the pirate's historian, says of this: "Our merchants were as good Pirates on land as Avery was on the Sea." He became beggared, and in a few months died in consequence of past excesses and present privations. Doubtless most of those fine Asiatic diamonds, recut and polished, now adorn the fair throats and glossy hair of many a blushing beauty, but the bones of the pirate lie in a pauper's grave.

When Avery captured the Great Mogul, the British East India Company had at best only a precarious hold, and Mohammedan hatred needed only a breath to stir the tribes to united revolt. The Nabob was in a fury at the outrage of the English pirates, and the stockholders of the company in England feared that the English would be swept out of India. The exploit became the sensation of the day in Great Britain. Avery's name was on every tongue, and the most marvelous stories of him were implicitly believed. It was said that he had married the Great Mogul's daughter, and lived in splendid state. But, worse than

all, the apparently authentic rumor came that he was building forts, erecting magazines, strengthening the Nabob's army, and collecting an enormous fleet. With the army he was to make himself master of India, and his fleet was to sweep the seas. Even the size of his royal family was known, and the descriptions of his increasing power were so alarming that propositions were gravely considered as to whether it was better to attempt to fight him or to enter into treaty with him. Meanwhile, the most popular play in England was called "The Successful Pyrate," purporting to describe his career. Long before this the poor man had died at Biddeford, England, without even enough money to buy himself a coffin.

In like manner, the career of Captain Kidd has been overestimated. Circumstances made him famous, not anything remarkable in his career.

In 1691 he was living on Cedar street, near William, in New York, having married Mrs. Sarah Oort, the widow of a rich merchant. His tastes were refined, and he was a well respected man. He was a close personal friend of Governor Slaughter, who judicially murdered Leisler. This governor gave Kidd one hundred and fifty pounds from the public funds, "as suitable reward for the many good services done to the Province of New York," so the testimonial read.

Lord Bellomont was transferred from the governorship of Barbadoes to that of New York, and he at once proposed to send Kidd on an expedition against the pirates that were then almost driving commerce from the ocean. Lord John Somers, the Chancellor of England, subscribed one thousand pounds, and altogether the promoters were as noble as the expedi-

tion was disastrous. The *Adventurer*, a galley of two hundred and eighty-seven tons, was fitted out with thirty guns at a total cost of about thirty thousand dollars.

William III at the court of Kensington, gave the royal commission "to our trusty and well-beloved captain William Kidd," to capture certain pirates and to make reprisals on merchant ships from France. Since it was their charge to rob the robbers and to take at first hand from France, there was no very exalted virtue at stake. Captain Kidd was to get one-fourth of all that was taken, and the remainder was to be divided equally among the men, according to rank. The service was specially arranged on the plan of "no prey, no pay." Only desperate characters were therefore attracted, and the one hundred and fifty-five men at last secured were fit characters for any career of outlawry.

Soon after Kidd sailed, Governor Fletcher wrote to the London Board of Trade that "it will not be in Kidd's power to govern such a horde of men under no pay."

From New York he sailed to the Madeiras for a supply of wine, then to the Cape Verde Islands for other necessary supplies. After this he rounded the Cape of Good Hope, bound for Madagascar, the grand rendezvous for the pirates of the world. If he had secured a few prizes here, history might have ranked him high among the great sea-captains of Great Britain, with his career ending in Westminster Abbey instead of at "Execution Dock." His ill-fortune was doubtless galling, for his noble patrons *expected him* to get rich, whatever the cost.

In those days all Mohammedans were called Moors, and other non-Christian people Gentiles. To attack and despoil them was no considerable sin according to the sentiment of the times. Therefore, when a richly laden fleet of Mocha ships came through the Strait of Babelmandeb, the temptation was too great to be resisted, and the *Adventurer* sailed in among them like a hawk upon chickens. Her thirty guns roared with all their might, and the vessels scattered like frightened fowls. However, there were two that did not fly before the enemy. One hoisted English colors and the other the Dutch standard. They were warships, acting as convoys for the Mocha fleet, and Captain Kidd was glad to get out of range of their terrible broadsides.

Off the coast of Malabar he captured a Moorish ship having on board a large quantity of myrrh. He used this costly substance as pitch for calking the seams of his galley.

After fighting a Portuguese man-of-war five hours and then running away, he fell in with a Dutch merchantman, which he could easily have taken, but he refused to do so. It appears that from this time on his men were almost in a state of mutiny over his conscientious scruples.

At this time England and Holland were very closely allied. The Prince of Orange had been elected King of England by the British Parliament, and it was as offensive to the home powers to attack a Dutch ship as one flying the British flag.

The quarrel between Kidd and his men over his failure to attack the Dutch merchantman culminated in an attack on him by Chief Gunner William More,

who was threatening him with a chisel, when Kidd threw a bucket at More's head with such precision as to strike him senseless to the floor. The next day the gunner died from concussion of the brain.

It seems that the crew took no additional umbrage at this, which goes far to show that they considered it justifiable homicide.

Shortly after leaving the Malabar coast, he fell in with the Moorish ship *Quedagh*, of four hundred tons. He captured it without trouble, and sold the cargo for about fifty thousand dollars.

Taking the *Quedagh* with him, he burned the *Adventurer* at Madagascar as unseaworthy, and, sailing with only forty men, he went to the Dutch Spice Islands, where he learned that he was regarded as a pirate by England and Holland. A royal proclamation granting pardon to all pirates who would voluntarily surrender themselves before the last of April, 1699, excepted by name Captain William Kidd and the "Successful Pyrate" Avery, who was already dead from starvation in England. Kidd at once sailed directly to New York, believing that Lord Bellomont would save him from what he believed to be a palpable injustice. At Antigua he bought a sloop and transferred his plunder to it. In June, 1699, he entered Delaware Bay, and was chased away by an armed coaster from Philadelphia. He then went to Oyster Bay, and communicated with his wife and friends in New York.

Some unofficial negotiations took place, and his wife joined him. A great deal of fabulous tradition covers this part of his career. At Gardiner's Island, *on inquiry* concerning his safe-conduct, he received a

KIDD THREW A BUCKET AT MORE'S HEAD

rather equivocal message from Lord Bellomont, who was then at Boston. He said: "If your case be so clear as you have said, you may safely come hither." Five days after his arrival in Boston he was arrested on the charge of piracy, and under an indictment for the murder of William More.

The order was then issued to seize the cargo of his sloop and the treasure left with Kidd's friend Gardiner, which was done, the amount taken being twenty-six thousand five hundred dollars in silver and gold, besides goods of nearly equal value.

Kidd told the Governor that if allowed to visit the *Quedagh* and the islands of St. Thomas and Curaçao he could get treasure to the amount of a quarter of a million dollars more, but his offer was refused. Soon after this the men left in charge of the *Quedagh* burned it, and nothing more is known of their commander's treasure. Kidd and the men captured with him were sent to London and tried at the Old Bailey by the High Court of Admiralty. Bellomont declared that it was impossible to convict him in Massachusetts, as the people had profited so much by piracy. There is much reason to believe that Bellomont deliberately sacrificed Kidd to save his own reputation, and that Lord John Somers, the Chancellor, found it necessary to convict him as a political move against the clamor of the Lord's political opponents. Bellomont died before the trial, but Kidd had made a mock of the King's Commission and brought many eminent men into trouble, and so was doomed.

The "back-stairs" political influence which, under other circumstances, would have been all-powerful, *was now his* undoing.

Kidd's record as a pirate is so tame that he hardly deserves a place among the achievements of the wild sea-rovers and Buccaneers who have made a world wonder at their great energy and daring. But he became famous because the politicians took him up in order to traduce and throw from office certain men of high degree who had sent him out on the seas to rob pirates and seize the goods of the French. Kidd's noble friends were in turn compelled to save themselves, at no hurt of conscience to be sure, by appearing most zealous to hang him.

He was executed, with six of his associates, and according to the custom of the times, their bodies were exposed on gibbets at given intervals along the banks of the Thames, where they remained for many years, until their bones fell piecemeal to the earth and were carried away by dogs.

The belief prevailed that Captain Kidd had buried an enormous treasure, and during the two centuries following the search was not finally abandoned. From Maine to Sandy Hook hardly a mile of coast has been free from the treasure-seekers, so that Captain Kidd's name continued to be the most famous in the annals of pirates. Lord Macaulay wrote about him, Cooper made a novel in which the pirate is supposed to have buried his treasure on Sandy Hook, and Poe wove the "Gold Bug" story out of it.

In 1891 a syndicate was formed to make an exhaustive search for Kidd's buried treasure, but the pirate's fortune will doubtless forever remain among the phantoms.

The last stanza of the celebrated doggerel known as the "Ballad of Captain Kidd," whom the author

called Robert Kidd, was published in 1701, and purports to give this confession:

I'd ninety bars of gold,
As I sailed,
I'd ninety bars of gold,
As I sailed;
I'd dollars manifold
And riches uncontrolled,
And by these I lost my soul
As I sailed.

Doubtless the spoils of the pirates and Buccaneers were usually much exaggerated in the reports, but there were numerous cases in which the booty captured was indeed "beyond the dreams of avarice."

Sir William Phipps, a New England baronet, once Governor of Massachusetts, raised a wrecked Spanish galleon off the coast of Haiti, and got out of it thirty-two tons of silver, and in addition pearls and jewels worth all told nearly two million dollars.

In 1676 some Spanish galleons were wrecked in the Gulf of Florida, and Spanish divers recovered eight million pieces of eight,* which were taken to Havana. Three hundred and fifty thousand were subsequently deposited in a storehouse on shore guarded by two commissaries and sixty soldiers.

Captain Jennings, learning the situation, came up with two ships and three sloops from Jamaica. He landed three hundred men and captured the treasure. On the way back to Jamaica he picked up a cargo containing nearly a hundred thousand more.

In 1680, when a new viceroy made his public entrance into the city of Lima, there was a sidewalk pavement made of silver bars from the landing to the

*A "piece of eight" equals $1.

Governor's palace. It is estimated that more than eighty-five million dollars' worth of silver was used in its construction.

In evidence of the vast wealth accumulated by the Spaniards from their colonial possessions, one of the seventeenth century writers tells of a Spanish company which lost half a million dollars' worth of property annually by the ravages of the Buccaneers, without in the least impairing or discrediting the business integrity of the company. Since all of this vast wealth was secured through the slave labor of the American natives, these bits of evidence afford some comprehension of the enormous riches which were wrung from the continent, and show the enervating influences which changed the Spanish people from powerful conquerors into idlers and nineteenth century decadents.

CHAPTER VIII

FAMOUS CHARACTERS OF THE SEA

Among the hosts of pirates that ranged over the world from the West Indies, there were many who distinguished themselves by only a few remarkable deeds, or who became famous through some exceptional trait of character. Many of them were of such obscure origin as to be known in history only by such chance names as were bestowed upon them by their comrades.

L'Olonnois, the cruel, was one of these. Perhaps his parents, in the old province of Poitou, among the sandy tracts of Olonne, gave him the name François. At any rate, he is known as François L'Olonnois, the cruel. Many historical characters have been called "The Cruel," but none deserved the title more than L'Olonnois. He left his nearest seaport, La Rochelle, and shipped as an *engagé* to the Caribbee Islands.

After serving his apprenticeship, he visited Hispaniola as a full-fledged Buccaneer. He soon desired a larger field, and so went to Tortuga and joined a sea-roving expedition. His daring and ability soon gave him command of two canoes with twenty-two men, then a position as shipmaster. He kept no prisoners and let none escape, so that in a short time his cruelty and success made his name such a terror to the Spaniards that they preferred to take their own lives rather than to become his prisoners.

Off the coast of Campeachy a storm wrecked his vessel, and he succeeded in escaping to the shore with about half the crew. The Spaniards killed all but eight or ten, whom they kept to be tortured to death a little later on. L'Olonnois saved himself by covering his body with blood, and crawling under the bodies of some of his slain comrades. When the Spanish soldiers were gone he exchanged clothing with a dead Spaniard and mingled freely with the inhabitants, taking part in the rejoicing that took place over his supposed death. Promising some negro slaves their freedom if they would escape with him in a canoe, he was not long in safely reaching Tortuga.

Exquemelin says that "by craft and subtlety," and without the expenditure of a cent, he obtained possession of a well-equipped vessel manned by a crew of twenty-two. With this he hovered for a long time about the coast of southern Cuba, near Los Cayos, without sighting a ship, for the reason that the merchants of aHvana, who stopped there on their way to Boca de Estera, had learned of the presence of the Buccaneer chief. The Governor of Campeachy was greatly puzzled on hearing of this, as he had just concluded a thanksgiving for the death of L'Olonnois. At the request of a deputation of merchants to Havana, the Governor concluded to destroy the pestiferous *ladrones*.

A stout ship of ten guns, with a working crew of ninety picked men, was sent, with strict orders to kill the pirates, giving no quarter to any but L'Olonnois, who should be brought to Havana for public execution. A negro hangman, with ropes prepared for the *execution, went* with the expedition.

L'OLONNOIS TURNED EXECUTIONER AND BEHEADED EVERY MAN ALIVE

L'Olonnois saw the ship moored in the River Estera.

"Courage, my comrades! Courage, my good brothers!" he cried, in a transport of delight. "We shall soon be well equipped."

At nightfall the Buccaneers took some Cuban fishermen with them and noiselessly approached the Spanish ship. To the challenge, a reply was given which allayed the suspicions of the watchman. Sharpshooters were so arranged as to sweep the enemy's deck, and a broadside was given. As the Spanish crew rushed on deck, the musketeers poured their deadly fire into them, and then fell on their faces to avoid the return fire. The Buccaneers then hid their vessel among the overhanging trees along the bank of the stream. Firing was continued all night, and till the afternoon of the coming day, when the Spanish ship was so disabled that the Buccaneers decided to board. Clambering over the sides, they drove the gunners into the cabin or forced them into the hold. L'Olonnois turned executioner, and with his broad cutlass beheaded every man yet alive, excepting the negro hangman. This man he sent to the Governor of Havana with a letter, in which he said: "I shall never henceforth give quarter to any Spaniard whatsoever. Thus I retaliate the kindness you designed to me and my companions."

With this new vessel he captured several rich prizes, and returned to Tortuga the most famous Buccaneer of the day.

His ambitions now enlarged, and he set about the task of getting together a fleet of ships with several hundred men. As he was not a soldier, and knew

nothing of commanding men on land, he made overtures to Michel Le Basque, mayor of the island, who had been a brave though unhonored soldier in France, and later a successful Buccaneer. Among the exploits of Le Basque was one that made him quite a hero among the rough men of Tortuga and Hispaniola. With a select band of forty men he had landed on the coast of Venezuela, and with a shrewd guide entered Maracaibo unchallenged in the night. His men scattered, and at the point of the sword quietly brought half a hundred of the principal citizens to the cathedral. Then they ranged the town all night, the citizens fearing to step out of their houses. When morning came each Buccaneer, loaded with gold and jewels, took one of these prominent citizens as his special prisoner, and together they retreated toward their boats. When the Spaniards discovered the ridiculously insignificant size of the band that had terrorized them all night, they collected their forces and set out in pursuit; but a prisoner was sent back to tell them that the moment an attack was made all the captive citizens would be killed, and the forty men would fight without giving or taking quarter. The threat was sufficient, and the bold Buccaneers departed in peace with their booty.

Aroused by the success of L'Olonnois, Le Basque accepted the offer of the new star among Buccaneers. With this powerful influence attached to his cause, the chief soon had eight good vessels, with six hundred and sixty experienced men.

In a short time, by the exchange of prize ships taken, he had an equipment that was enough to strike the Spaniards with terror. He determined to

visit New Venezuela and sack the towns along the coast.

The narrow entrance to the Gulf of Venezuela was defended by two hundred and fifty men behind fortifications of earth mounting sixteen guns. Le Basque landed his men about three miles away, and the Spanish commandant prepared an ambuscade, but the Buccaneers advanced to the attack with such fury as to kill nearly every Spaniard outside of the fortifications. Then, with the precision of Hispaniola hunters, they began to pick off every man to be seen at the guns; and at the end of three hours they scaled the embrasures and put to the sword the Spaniards, begging for mercy.

A few escaped to Maracaibo, eighteen miles away, crying at the top of their voices with every step, as they entered the city: "The *ladrones* are coming, two thousand strong."

The people fled in a panic, some to the woods, others to Gibraltar and Merida, with all the valuables they could carry. After utterly demolishing the fortifications, the Buccaneers sailed on to Maracaibo. They expected to encounter an ambuscade at landing, and therefore disembarked with great caution; but no Spaniards were to be seen. Carefully they picked their way toward the town, and entered it without seeing a single opponent. The four thousand inhabitants had fled, leaving their houses as they were when the people heard the first cry that the *ladrones* were coming.

The deserted houses furnished a bacchanalian feast for all the half-starved Buccaneers. The shouts of drunken revelry and wanton debauchery echoed

through the streets day and night. The abodes of luxury became veritable "boucans" of filth and riot.

L'Olonnois and Le Basque, however, were themselves mindful enough of their opportunities. They sent one hundred and sixty men after the fugitives, and twenty were captured in the woods, with about thirty thousand dollars' worth of silver and other valuables.

An effort was made to extort from them their knowledge of secreted treasures and hidden citizens, but they refused to reveal anything. Then the savage nature of the Buccaneer chief blazed forth in furious rage. He hacked the nearest prisoner to pieces with his cutlass, crying, "Now will you tell?"

Running the reeking blade down the throat of another, he screamed, "Does that open your mouth?" Drinking handfuls of blood and gnawing at the palpitating heart of another before the horrified eyes of the prisoners, he said: "If you do not confess and declare where you have the rest of your goods, I will do the like to every one of you."

As he raised his sword over another trembling wretch, the Spaniard cried out that he would lead them to the hiding-places. But the fugitives changed their refuge every night, and the searching parties were poorly rewarded for their labors. After fifteen days of revel, L'Olonnois ordered his men to embark for Gibraltar, on the south side of the lake, where it was believed that most of Maracaibo's wealth had been taken. Meanwhile the alarmed country had been working day and night to make Gibraltar impregnable.

"*No* matter, said the Buccaneer chief, when

THE FIRST MAN WHO SHOWS ANY FEAR I WILL PISTOL WITH MY OWN HAND

informed of this, "the better sign that it is worth taking."

The Governor of Merida sent four hundred soldiers, and there was an equal number already at Gibraltar. Twenty guns were mounted over strong barricades defending the only approach to the town. All the resources known to Spanish warfare were employed to make the defeat of the invaders inevitable and complete.

When L'Olonnois saw the royal standard waving over the barricades, he assembled his three hundred and eighty men and said: "My faithful and loyal 'brethren of the coast,' you see the royal standard of Spain hung out to show that the Governor of Merida has sent his garrison to help Gibraltar dispute our advance. They have had much time in which to put their town in a good state of defense. But take courage and do as I do, who am your captain. At other times we have fought with fewer men on our side than we have now, and yet have overcome a greater number of enemies than can be in this town. The more there are, the more glory and wealth there will be in victory."

To the tumultuous shouting of the Buccaneers that they would follow L'Olonnois to the death, he replied: "But remember this, the first man who shows any fear, or the first sign of it, I will pistol with my own hand."

They disembarked about two miles from the town, and L'Olonnois gave the order to march, saying: "Come, my brothers, follow me, and fear not."

Finding the road heavily barricaded, they started up a decoy path which the Spaniards had made for

them across the swamp. It was but twelve feet wide, ending in an impassable mire, and guns were trained to sweep its entire length. After an obstinate and almost disastrous attempt to force their way through the murderous fire and treacherous swamp, they were forced to return to the barricades.

Here they made a spirited attack, and then at a given signal began to retreat, slowly at first, and then in confusion, as if in panic-stricken rout.

The Spaniards, with triumphant shouts, sprang over the breastworks and rushed after them, determined that none should escape their vengeance.

But the retreat was only a stratagem. When the Spaniards were out of gunshot from the batteries, the fleeing Buccaneers suddenly turned and threw themselves upon the disorganized soldiers with irresistible energy and fury. Five hundred Spaniards were killed outright, and the rest chased into the swamps. Forty of the Buccaneers were dead, but the two leaders were unhurt, although they were always in the hottest part of the fight.

There was now nothing to dispute their way, and the Spanish standard was soon replaced by the red and black banner of the Buccaneers.

For six weeks the torture of prisoners and the search for buried treasure continued. The cathedral was filled with prisoners, who were forgotten in the debauch that followed, and most of them died of thirst. In eighteen days most of the inhabitants were dead.

The riotous destruction brought famine, and then *pestilence* added its horrors to the scene. Two days were given for the people to raise a ransom of eighty

thousand pieces of eight.* While the Spanish committee was discussing the proposition, the two days passed, and the town was burned and sacked. Ten thousand pieces of eight had been raised toward the ransom, and that was taken with the other plunder.

The Buccaneers embarked for Maracaibo. A deputation of merchants met them at the beach and offered to ransom the town for twenty thousand piasters, ten thousand pieces of eight and five hundred cows.

While this negotiation was going on, a party of more pious Buccaneers, Frenchmen by nationality, entered the churches and carried away everything portable, even to the bells, with which to furnish a church of their own at Tortuga.

Some idea of the plunder they took may be gained from the fact that the cocoa which they sold to D'Ogeron, Governor of Tortuga, he resold in Europe at a net profit of six hundred thousand dollars. They secured two hundred and sixty thousand dollars in coin, besides several tons of silver bullion, which they sold at ten dollars a pound.

Two days before they arrived at Tortuga two French ships had arrived, laden with wine and brandy. A few days later there was not twenty gallons of intoxicants on the island. Two months later most of the Buccaneers, including their leader, were penniless.

L'Olonnois appears to have been a man of his word, since the division of spoils was fairly made. Even the relatives of dead Buccaneers received the allotted share. The immense quantity of booty had been heaped together on the shore of Tortuga before the admiring people. Near by stood the female captives,

*A piece of eight equals $1.00.

negroes, Spanish soldiers and Indians. Then the whole lot was sold at auction, piece by piece.

L'Olonnois could not remain inactive and destitute. Without plunder he could not sustain his debaucheries, and without bacchanalian revelry, life was an unendurable bore.

He planned an expedition to Nicaragua, and was soon in command of six ships, with seven hundred men. In the Gulf of Honduras he captured a Spanish war-ship having thirty-six guns, and ravaged the villages along the coast. Tiring of the small booty secured, he decided to go to San Pedro, thirty miles inland. The Spaniards, having ample time to prepare for him, lined the way with ambuscades, and he fought through them all to the very mouths of the cannon at San Pedro. Here the combat lasted four hours, when a furious assault drove the gunners from the works, and the white flag was raised in token of surrender. The citizens, in the parley that followed, asked for two hours' respite to care for their dead and wounded. This was given, but the Spaniards employed their time in getting away with their wealth, and when the Buccaneers entered the place it was deserted.

Remaining here eighteen days, unable to get booty or ransom, they destroyed the town and returned to their ships.

Three profitless months were spent along the coast of Honduras, when a Spanish war-ship of eight hundred tons' burden, with fifty-six guns and one hundred and thirty men, appeared and disputed the right of *way.*

L'Olonnois met this ship with a small vessel of

twenty-two guns and a fly-boat. Standing at a distance, his sharpshooters picked off sixty men, whereupon, under cover of the smoke, he went alongside, boarded the enemy on both sides at once and threw most of the crew into the sea. But there was no booty on board, and the men became mutinous. L'Olonnois proposed an expedition to Guatemala, but the crews were superstitious and suspicious because of the long season of ill-luck.

One of his captains secretly sailed away with the fastest vessel and the most experienced men. Then another deserted, and L'Olonnois was left with a sorry remnant of the fleet. At Cape Gracias á Dios his vessel grounded and went to pieces. Six months were spent in the labor of making a boat out of the parts that came ashore. When finished, it would not support half the men, and lots were cast to decide who should go with the chief. It was the intention to capture as soon as possible a boat large enough to hold them all. In the Nicaragua River they were attacked by an overwhelming force of Spaniards, and driven away with the loss of nearly half their number.

He then went on to Boca del Toro, near Cartagena, South America, where the people were friendly to the Buccaneers. He could have returned from that place to Tortuga, but he was determined not to go back empty-handed, and he would not desert his companions at Cape Gracias á Dios.

Putting to sea again he landed for water at La Pointe à Diègue, on the coast of Darien. Rendered desperate by his misfortunes, he determined to attack, with his feeble force, the town near by. The people called to their aid a band of Bravo Indians, who were

as fierce and daring as the Buccaneers. The attack was made with the most desperate and savage courage, but was without avail. The Indians had as much brute strength and reckless courage as themselves. A few of the Buccaneers succeeded in escaping to their boats, but most of the men, with L'Olonnois, were overpowered and bound. All the prisoners were burned at the stake but the unfortunate chief, who was reserved for prolonged torture at the hands of his Indian captors. They were as expert and heartless in that work as any in America.

Exquemelin says: "Thus ends the history, the life and the miserable death of that infernal wretch, L'Olonnois, who, full of horrid, execrable and enormous deeds, and debtor to so much innocent blood, died by cruel and butcherly hands, such as his own were in the course of his life."

Among those whom the chroniclers have considered worthy of mention, Barthelemy Portugues is specially noted for his remarkable escapes. He was also the leader in many brilliant exploits.

Off Cape de Corriente, with a fly-boat having four three-pounders, and a crew of thirty men, he met a powerful galleon having twenty guns and seventy men. The Buccaneers ran alongside the Spanish vessel, and, stripping off their clothing, grasped their swords in their teeth and clambered like cats up the sides of the ship. The Spaniards succeeded in driving them off, and the Buccaneers returned to their boat, discarding their swords for their muskets. As fast as the men appeared at the guns the unerring marksmen shot them down, until every gun was silenced. Then most of the assailants grasped their

swords again and once more scaled the sides of the ship, while those that remained kept their muskets leveled at the deck. Forty-five trembling Spaniards were found crowded in the cabin. These were set adrift in the fly-boat, and the Buccaneers were masters of a handsome vessel, rich in plunder and armament.

But an ill fate befell them. On the way to Tortuga they met three large vessels bound from New Spain to Havana. The pirates were too few in numbers to manage their heavy vessel, and were easily captured. Portugues was taken to San Francisco, Campeachy, and when the citizens heard of his capture, bells were rung and special services of thanksgiving held in the churches. A gibbet was erected so that he could be hanged the next morning in plain view of all the people. A special holiday was declared and the citizens made preparations for a day of great rejoicing.

But in the night he managed to loosen his hands and then cut the cords that bound his feet. With the knife he had secured he stabbed the sentinel, and got out of the room in which he was confined. But he was a mile from shore, and, strange to say, he could not swim. However, a man of resources was not to be defeated by so inconsiderable an obstruction as that. He found two large wine-jars, and emptying out the wine, he corked them tightly and tied them together. Using them as life-preservers, he sprang overboard and reached the shore just at daylight.

There was great consternation when it was found that the prisoner had escaped, and the authorities at

once set upon his track bloodhounds and hunters trained to capture escaping slaves.

He went to the vine-covered mangrove swamps, and swung himself from tree to tree with his strong arms like a gorilla in the forests of Africa. He could hear the baying hounds, the shouts of men, and the ringing of alarum-bells. Through these forests, full of reptiles and wild beasts, he made his way for seventeen days toward Golfo Triste. Arriving there after privations and perils that made his journey seem almost miraculous, he found some old companions, who were eager to follow him on any adventure. A small boat was procured, and thirty men enlisted their services with him. Palming themselves off as smugglers trafficking in contraband goods, they easily stole along the shore, under the guidance of fishermen.

Reaching the harbor from which he had escaped three weeks before, they boarded the vessel in which he had been confined.

"Who goes there?" demanded the sleepy sentinel.

"Part of the crew, with some fine contraband goods," replied the wily Portugues.

A moment later the sentinel fell, stabbed through the heart. Then they cut the ship adrift, and overpowered the watch.

The sleeping crew, awakened at the unusual sounds, sprang from their berths, but it was too late. They were either cut down at the door or overpowered and bound. In an hour the Buccaneers were out of the harbor with the ship and beyond pursuit. But Portugues was as unfortunate in his prizes as he was *fortunate in* his escapes. At the Isle of Pines, south

of Cuba, a storm arose which beat the vessel to pieces on the Jardin rocks. As usual in times of peril, Portugues escaped. He lived to have many thrilling adventures, but no fortune worth mentioning was ever his.

In the story of meteoric Buccaneers, Roche Brasiliano, otherwise known as Roc the Brazilian, deserves a prominent place. Like L'Olonnois the Cruel, his hatred of Spaniards was as venomous and rabid as that passion of man can be conceived to be. He was a native of Dutch Brazil, and it is said that his parents were tortured to death by a passing band of Spanish lancers. His historians say that he was not a Buccaneer for the sake of booty, but for the opportunity it gave him to kill Spaniards. He had the reputation among them of being the most fiendish of all the Buccaneer devils that Satan had turned loose upon the Spanish Main. That he was more like a crazed wild boar than a man his conduct seems to prove beyond doubt. He was the "bully" of Kingston, and when he was drinking, which was most of the time, the citizens cheerfully gave him the whole of the street. His face was short and wide, and his high cheek bones gave him a face very like a pug-dog. A strong frame and a tawny skin, with grizzly, matted hair growing low on his forehead, made his appearance correspond to his career.

The most desperate situation in his life was when he was wrecked on the coast of Campeachy. The pirate valued his gun next to his life, and Roc found that his thirty men wrecked with him had their guns with a few precious rounds of ammunition. They were not far from Golfo Triste, and Roc hoped to lead

his little band of almost exhausted men through the inhospitable wilderness to a place of safety.

They had not proceeded far when a hundred well-armed horsemen, sure of their prey, bore down upon them.

"Courage, my good brothers," cried Roc. "We are hungry now, but, *Caramba!* our enemy is bringing us a feast."

The men were so weak from hunger and fatigue, as well as so poorly provided with ammunition, that it seemed madness to attempt withstanding a hundred horsemen. A few suggested the advisability of making the best possible terms of surrender. Some others thought it best to seek shelter.

"Surrender!" cried Roche Brasiliano, "your lives will be pressed out of you in torture. Seek shelter? You will be like dogs in a hole. There is no safety but in immediate attack. Make ready! Take aim! Fire!"

Their long muskets covered the range, and more than a score of Spaniards fell. The horsemen circled about the thirty men and poured in a fusillade. For an hour the Spaniards wheeled, charged, and fell back out of range. Then, having lost more than half their men, they ran away from the deliberate and deadly guns of the Buccaneers, leaving their dead and wounded where they fell.

Only two Buccaneers were dead, and two others slightly wounded. Victory came in the nick of time; the Buccaneers had their last round of ammunition in their guns. From the knapsacks of the Spaniards were taken enough wine and dried beef to afford the promised feast, and the starving Buccaneers were soon

ALMOST WITHOUT A STRUGGLE THEY WERE IN POSSESSION OF THE VESSEL

possessed of the hilarious desire to fight all the Spaniards in the world.

Two days later they came upon a lot of Spaniards cutting logwood near the shore, guarded by a stout coast vessel. Roche Brasiliano hid his men at the landing-place and waited for a boat to come ashore. The next morning their patience was rewarded, and by suddenly springing out upon ten men as they stepped ashore from the ship's boat, the Buccaneers made them prisoners without giving any alarm. Then they crowded into the boat and rowed out to the ship. Before the unsuspecting and careless Spaniards realized what was happening, the Buccaneers were upon the deck, and almost without a struggle, were in possession of the vessel. On the way to Jamaica several rich prizes were taken, but in two nights, in the disreputable dens of Kingston, the entire crew lost every cent they had. Pipes of wine were bought and set at every street corner. No one was allowed to pass without drinking to the health of Roche Brasiliano and his crew.

To recuperate the fortune they had exchanged for bacchanalian prestige, they put to sea again. Not far from Campeachy, while ten men were rowing ashore for water they were surprised and captured by ambushed Spaniards.

To be doubly sure of the distinguished prisoner, the Governor caused him to be chained in a vault in the fortress, but Roche succeeded in winning the confidence and friendship of the slave that brought him food. Writing materials were smuggled to him, and a letter, purporting to come from a French man-of-war hovering about, was written, which declared that

if Roche Brasiliano and his ten men were not liberated forthwith, the town and country of Campeachy would be sacked. The slave took it to another slave, out of town, and the letter was duly taken to the Governor. The bearer said it had been given to him by one of a formidable company that had landed from a great ship just beyond the island.

The first that Roche knew of the success of his stratagem was a summons to come before the Governor.

"Sir," said the Governor, "I can not make up my mind to slay such brave men, however much they may deserve it. Spain needs you in her service. If I send you to Castile, will you take oath to remain till your death, faithful subjects of the king?"

The promise was given and the oath readily taken. A galleon took the reformed Buccaneers to Spain, but it was not long till they were again at Kingston fitting out an expedition to Yucatan. At Merida, while fighting an ambush of Spaniards defending the town, an overwhelming force of cavalry dashed upon their rear and cut them to pieces.

Roche Brasiliano escaped, but there is not another word in the writings of any man with reference to him thereafter.

In contrast to the rough coarseness of Roche Brasiliano, may be placed the chivalrous gentleman and knightly adventurer known as Alexandre Bras de Fer, otherwise Alexander of the Iron Arm. If his admiring historians are to be credited he was the paragon of courtly Buccaneers. Œxmelin, whom many claim to be the Dutch Exquemelin made over into French, reckons him in courage, wit and kingly bearing to be

the equal of Alexander the Great. So careful was he of his company that he never associated with other Buccaneer captains. No matter how frequently he changed vessels, his ship was always called the Phœnix. His crew always consisted of about one hundred men, and they were selected not alone for their courage and endurance, but also for their polite and gentlemanly bearing. They were trained to the most precise and dignified military conduct, and their government was martial according to the latest military code. The Phœnix was always as clean as a modern American war-ship, and the men kept themselves dressed in the brightest silks.

Off the Boca del Dragon, in a terrific tempest, a stroke of lightning fell into their powder-magazine, and their ship went down in the roaring sea. Nearly a score of the hardy pirates survived the lightning, the explosion and the tempest. They reached the shore like rats, but still clinging to their guns, while from the wreckage they recovered enough food to keep them alive. In a few days a Spanish merchantman sailed toward the shore, as if providentially sent. This place was the home of the most savage Indians on the continent, and when part of the ship's crew came ashore for water, it was with the utmost caution. The Buccaneers arranged an ambuscade, and when the Spaniards were well into the trap, opened fire. The surprised men at once fell flat on their faces in the grass. The Buccaneers were equally surprised to see nothing more at which to shoot. There was silence for what seemed an interminable time. Unable longer to endure the suspense, Bras de Fer ran *out into the* open, and the Spaniards rushed upon him.

The Buccaneer chief's foot caught on a root and he fell, just escaping a decapitating blow from the Spanish captain. The cutlass was raised for another stroke, but as it came down Bras de Fer struck the hilt with his fist and knocked the weapon from the captain's hand. Then grappling with the Spaniard, the Buccaneer bore him backward to the ground, shouting at the same time to his comrades.

"Victoria! victoria!" soon rang through the woods, and every Spaniard was dead.

Shrewdly judging that the Spaniards on the ship would believe their brethren ashore to be fighting Indians, and of course victorious, Bras de Fer clothed his men in the equipments of the slain and marched in Spanish military style down the beach to the boat. Then they rowed out to the ship. Drawing the broad-brimmed Panama hats over their heads so as to hide their faces, they clambered quickly aboard and covered the amazed Spaniards with their guns. Very soon the Buccaneers were sailing away with a good ship, richly laden, and such of the late crew as yet remained alive were ashore, bemoaning their unhappy fate.

Œxmelin praises his hero, but tells little about his career, and no one else knows anything more. In his comparison between Bras de Fer and Alexander the Great, he says: "Of a truth, the one Alexander was as brave as he was headstrong; the other, as brave as he was prudent; the one loved wine, and the other brandy; the one fled from women through real greatness of soul, the other sought them from natural tenderness of heart; and as a proof of what I say, in the vessel of which I have spoken, he met a beautiful

woman whom he valued more than all the other spoil."

Few of the early Buccaneers are mentioned oftener than Montbar, whom the Spaniards named the "Exterminator," and yet what is known of him is very meagre. That he fought like the devil they believed him to be and never gave quarter, is borne out by the few incidents known of his life. His zeal against the Spaniards appears to have been aroused in boyhood by stories of their cruelties toward the Caribs.

His uncle was an admiral in the French navy, and Montbar, who was then a youth, was allowed to join him in a cruise to the West Indies. The young man talked of what he would do if they met a Spanish ship until he became the laughing-stock of the crew. But when the expected ship was met he was one of the first to board, and fought his way the full length of the ship three times. When they came to a division of the spoils, he scorned to take his share.

"Blood, not booty, is my motto!" he cried, and threw the plunder given him back into the pile.

Some hunters from Hispaniola came aboard with meat to sell.

"Why didn't you bring more?" he asked.

"The Spanish 'fifties' have just ravaged our district and destroyed our boucans," the leader replied.

Then the inflammable passions of the young "Exterminator" took fire.

"Let me lead you against the accursed dogs," he cried.

The wild and uncouth hunters agreed to let so distinguished a young officer lead them on an expedition against their enemies.

They found two companies of the Spanish "fifties" located in a bit of woods, and so pitched their tents in the valley near, as if unconscious of being in the presence of any danger.

Then the Buccaneers played the part of drunken revelers. Canteens were waved in the air amid shouts of wild intoxication, and songs were sung with boisterous hilarity. Gradually they became quiet, as if falling into the consequent stupor.

Darkness came on, and the Buccaneers quietly slipped away from their tents and formed an ambush about the camp. Near daybreak, when the Buccaneers were supposed to be in the deepest drunken slumbers, the Spaniards were heard stealing upon the camp. Presently a volley was poured into the empty tents, and the brands from a smoldering fire near by were thrown upon their canvas tops.

In a moment the burning tents lighted up the scene, and an answering volley came from the ambushed Buccaneers, in which almost every shot found its victim. Another volley upon the bewildered Spaniards, and the Buccaneers rushed from their hiding-places to engage in hand-to-hand conflict. No quarter was given, and both the Indian allies and the wild hunters alike hailed Montbar as an inspired deliverer.

A few other incidents are related of the "Exterminator," and then the writers content themselves with telling us that he was a great Buccaneer chief, whose deeds and chivalry were unequalled among the heroes of the sea.

CHAPTER IX

KING OF THE BUCCANEERS

Dr. Jonathan Swift facetiously records that bishops of undoubted piety and great learning were appointed in England to places of financial responsibility in the Church of Ireland; but, unfortunately, when these good churchmen crossed Bagshot heath, on the way to their place of work, they were all murdered by highwaymen, who took their papers, assumed their authority, and proceeded to occupy the positions of the worthy appointees, thereafter unblushingly plundering their Irish constituency in the good name of the vanished Englishmen.

In like manner every good man who was sent out from England or France as Governor in the West Indies, during the reign of the Buccaneers, certainly fell overboard on the way, and his place and name were taken by a friend of robbery and anarchy. For all the West India Governors, whatever their fame as good men had been at home, invariably levied tribute on the Buccaneers, and enriched themselves with the plunder taken from the Spaniards.

Regardless of the treaties made between the mother country and Spain, the English officers and merchants eased their conscience, if such a commodity was ever brought with them, by the declaration, which became a maxim, that "there is no peace beyond the line."

Needless to say everything Spanish was "beyond the line," although the imaginary "line" was indefinitely located along the northern boundary of the Caribbean Sea, or upon the northern coast of South America, as convenience and interest dictated.

Even the military saints that came over in Venables' army became in a short time the most notorious sinners, and mild-mannered Quakers put on velvet suits, strung necklaces of pistols over their shoulders, and supplied themselves with poniards and cutlasses.

Cromwell's veterans reached Jamaica with the most sanctimonious demeanor; and after capturing that island side by side with the impious Buccaneers, the grizzled old Ironsides swaggered like pirates and drank their associates under the tables.

A Spanish writer of that time says that he wondered why so many Englishmen died in Jamaica; but, on seeing them drink so much vile rum, he wondered how it was possible for so many to remain alive.

Port Royal became a kind of English Algiers, in which it was the ambition of every man and woman to be accounted the wickedest in the town. Women drank like the proverbial fish, and disported themselves in ways that discounted the wildest debauches of the Buccaneers.

Old Thomas Modyford was thought to be the most pious, gentle and patriotic subject in England; but when he came to Barbadoes such a transformation took place that on being made Governor of Jamaica, he gave full rein to the Buccaneers, declaring that it was beyond the power of man to influence or control *them.* Long after his death it was discovered that he *was cheek by* jowl with the lawless bands, and that

THE GRIZZLED OLD IRONSIDES DRANK THEIR ASSOCIATES UNDER

every frigate sent from England to repress piracy had been placed by him in charge of a Buccaneer captain.

The spirit of piracy was in the air, and the crime of being a freebooter did not weigh heavily on any one, since to rob a Spaniard was only to deprive him of ill-gotten gains, to which, in the eyes of his enemy, he had no title.

Much sympathy might be felt for the Spaniard so outrageously harassed by the outlaws of other nations, if it were not for the fact that Spain had already set an unapproachable example by ravaging with the horrors of the Inquisition, under the legions of such men as the Duke of Alva, the peaceful Low Countries, and perpetrated the most monstrous cruelties upon the Moors and the natives of America. Moreover, Spain invited such retaliation by endeavoring to extirpate every settlement that found a place in the New World.

Among other things, in the early history of Jamaica, which lay heavy upon the reputation of the good Sir Thomas Modyford for piety and rectitude, is the charge that he was responsible for the career of Sir Henry Morgan.

A writer of that time remarks that Henry Morgan came to Jamaica about the year 1660, "with a light heart and a thin pair of breeches." There is an intimation that Morgan got into the good graces of Governor Modyford by his aptness in quoting Shakespeare.

Morgan was a Welshman, and with native thrift, he acquired money enough to buy himself out of his apprenticeship enslavement in Barbadoes and to pay his way to Jamaica.

Governor Modyford had already written to the

Duke of Albemarle that the great sin of the Spaniard lay in his being "weak and wealthy."

Morgan was among the first to recognize the brilliant opportunity thus given for the more cautious and upright English and French to reward themselves and punish the Spaniards for such an egregious sin. He rose to fame slowly, and became a captain under Mansfeld, the Dutch Buccaneer, who captured Saint Catherine's Islands, and had visions of founding there a great Buccaneer empire that would some time include the whole of the West Indies.

In 1668 Morgan bore the title of Admiral, and commanded a fleet of twelve ships and seven hundred men. So much of his extended operations is a monotonous story of conquest and plunder that the more prominent and characteristic features may be given for a sufficient appreciation of his remarkable career. His audacity was unlimited. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he captured the strongly fortified town of El Puerto del Principe, in Cuba, by a message.

He had annihilated the Spanish cavalry and fought his way to the walls of the town. But his own forces were in a deplorable condition, while the town was bristling with cannon, barricaded streets, and houses turned into forts.

Plainly he could not take the place against any determined or intelligent opposition. Then he made as formidable a show of attack as possible, and sent this message to the commander:

"If you have not the prudence to surrender at once voluntarily, or should you hereafter cause the loss of *another* of my men, you shall soon see your town

aflame, and your wives and children torn to pieces at your feet, upon whose bodies your heads will then fall."

After receiving this message some citizens were hurriedly sent to Morgan supplicating for quarter, and the famished Buccaneers were soon once more feasting.

Most of the wealthier citizens were locked up in the churches, where the carousing captors forgot them and allowed most of them to perish. At this place the French ships of Morgan's fleet deserted him, and for a long time he commanded only Englishmen. The two nationalities were utterly incompatible. When the French and English were not fighting the Spaniards, they were invariably quarreling with each other. In the ransom of this town were included five hundred cows, which the citizens were required to kill and then pack properly in the ships. Meantime the Buccaneers were holding at the shore a great feast on the marrow-bones, which were a prized delicacy among them.

In some freak of reprehensible wantonness an Englishman stole a marrow-bone from a Frenchman. The insult was promptly resented by a challenge to fight a duel with swords. On the way to the place appointed for the fight, the Frenchman so temptingly exposed his back to the Englishman that the incautious man was run through, with fatal results. Over this unfortunate occurrence the quarrel waxed so exceedingly hot that Morgan concluded to let the Frenchmen hang the ungentlemanly Englishman. But peace could not be restored, and the French ships departed.

After this Morgan recruited his force somewhat

and attained considerable notoriety in England by announcing that he had learned from reliable sources that Prince Maurice was not drowned, but had been captured by the Spaniards and was imprisoned at Porto Bello, on the Isthmus of Panama. How far this succeeded in playing upon the feelings of Prince Rupert is not known, but it helped Morgan's cause in ships and men.

He sailed into the bay of Santa Maria. Up the river, at Puerto Pontin, they anchored their ships, and set out in twenty-three canoes. Next to Cartagena and Havana, Porto Bello was the strongest fortified place in America. They surprised the town in the night, and were soon in possession of everything but the castle. Finding it desperately defended, they decided to scale the walls with ladders. But the most dangerous part of the work was to plant the ladders. Therefore, to save themselves, they brought the monks and nuns out of the cathedrals and forced them to carry the ladders and set them against the walls.

To quote a Buccaneer writer, the Governor "used his utmost endeavors to destroy all who came near the walls, firing on the servants of God, although his kinsmen and friends. Delicate women and aged men were goaded at the sword's point to this hateful labor, derided by the Englishmen and unpitied by their countrymen." While the marksmen shot down every Spaniard appearing on the walls, the other Buccaneers, with hand-grenades, pistols and swords, climbed the ladders and swarmed over the top. The Governor fought every inch of the way back to the last stronghold. The few remaining alive pleaded with him to surrender, but in answer he cut the petitioners down

with his sword. While a dozen guns were pressed to his breast, his wife and children fell on their knees and implored him to accept the mercy offered; but he tried to run the nearest Buccaneer through with his sword, and was shot down. During the night the powder-magazine under the prisoners in the fort was blown up, and every one killed.

Then the Buccaneers gave themselves up to the usual course of bacchanalian debauchery. Œxmelin says that at any time during the two weeks of their stay fifty courageous men could have retaken the town and put every Buccaneer to the sword, so deep were they in their drunkenness.

The Governor of Panama expressed the most unbounded amazement that four hundred men with only small arms could take such strong fortifications defended by such brave and well-disciplined men. He declared that no general in Europe would have thought of attacking Porto Bello in any other way than by a long siege and blockade.

Don Juan Perez de Guzman, the Govérnor of Panama, who had once driven the Buccaneers from St. Catherine's, sent a messenger asking Morgan for a sample of the arms wherewith he had taken Porto Bello.

Morgan sent him a loaded musket, with the assurance that the Buccaneers would within a few months call for it at Panama.

The messenger soon returned with the musket, saying that the Governor did not wish to borrow it, and that Porto Bello was a far more hospitable place for the Buccaneers than Panama. A costly emerald ring accompanied the musket as a token of the Gov-

ernor's respect for the courage of the Buccaneer chief.

Having "stripped the unfortunate city of almost everything but its tiles and its paving-stones," the sea-rovers departed, leaving the people stricken with poverty and famine, pestilence and death.

Morgan's booty consisted of three hundred negroes, with coin, bullion and jewels, to the amount of two hundred and sixty thousand pieces of eight, equivalent to the same number of United States dollars, and merchandise to at least double that amount.

As proof of the high character of his expedition, Morgan reported to his patron, Governor Modyford, that more than a hundred Spanish ladies of great quality had preferred to go with the Buccaneers, rather than to be sent to Panama in the care of the Spanish soldiers.

Within a month after the division of the spoils at Jamaica, nearly every man was destitute. Some reason for this may be found in the fact that in the island of Jamaica there was a gambling-den, grog-shop and bawdy-house, all in one, for every ten inhabitants.

Morgan was little more provident than the rest. Although his share was almost as much as all the others combined, he soon lost it all. His historian says: "As his purse grew thin, his heart grew stout; as his hunger grew greater, his thirst for blood began to increase also."

Another fleet of eight vessels, with five hundred men, was collected. After numerous adventures, interesting in themselves, but tiresome in their general sameness, they arrived at Maracaibo in the early part *of 1669.* After that town had been sacked by

NOT KNOW; I KNOW NOTHING"

L'Olonnois it was strongly fortified, and the citizens supposed that the soldiers could easily repel any subsequent marauders. But after holding the fort all day against Morgan, during the following night the defenders abandoned it.

The people took refuge in the woods, and the Buccaneers, after collecting all the plunder in sight, sailed on to Gibraltar. They proceeded cautiously, expecting a stubborn resistance, but after the first discharge of their guns, soldiers and civilians alike fled before the invaders as sheep before wolves.

A writer who was present says that, "In all the town there was not one person but a poor innocent old man, who had been born a fool."

The Buccaneers demanded of the old man where the people had gone with their goods. To every question on any subject he constantly replied, "I do not know; I know nothing." Believing him to be shamming, they put him on the rack.

"Do not torture me any more," he cried piteously, "and I will show you great fortunes of goods and gold."

Sure that he was a rich man in disguise, the credulous Buccaneers followed him through all the houses of the wealthy on a futile search for the mythical fortune. At last under additional torture, he led them to a wretched hovel just out of town, and under the floor unearthed his treasure, some miserable trumpery and a bit of gold. With heartrending wails he cried, "Take my fortune and give me my life!"

"Who are you?" they asked, in incredulous exasperation, "a fool, a philosopher, a miser, or a *mountebank actor?*"

He stroked his breast proudly, and answered, "I am neither, but Don Sebastian Sanches, brother unto the Governor of Maracaibo."

Some one more discerning than the others insisted that the old man was a fool, and they left him with his treasure. A few days later he was found dead with the bit of gold grasped tightly in his withered and torture-broken hand.

Searching parties scoured the woods for thirty miles, and many persons were captured and brought into the town to be indiscriminately tortured for money which few of them had.

The wretched people dared not go to a town lest they be tracked there and captured by the Buccaneers; and they feared to sleep two nights in the same place. It was a time when slaves took revenge on their masters, and neighbors frequently paid off old grudges. Torture would compel even friends to reveal the secrets of one another, and there was nowhere a moment's safety. Many a servant declared his master to be rich in order to see him tortured, and as the Buccaneers believed themselves to be special avengers of the Indians, any complaint made by them was followed by merciless punishment.

Nearly all of the fugitive citizens were captured; and after five weeks of horrifying orgies and brutal outrages, the Buccaneers returned to Maracaibo.

The town was deserted by all but a decrepit beggar, who had been reveling in the luxuries of the abandoned mansions for five weeks. He repaid Morgan by imparting the disquieting news that Admiral Espinosa was lying at the narrow entrance of the bay, waiting for him with three men-of-war bearing ninety-

four guns, while the fort had been rebuilt and garrisoned.

Morgan's fleet had thirty guns, and was in every respect inferior to that of the Spanish admiral, not to speak of the addition of the fort, but he astonished that polished and punctilious commander by demanding a ransom of twenty thousand pieces of eight or he would burn Maracaibo.

The Spanish commander replied that he would permit the Buccaneers to get out to the open sea if they would leave their plunder and prisoners behind and agree to sail straight to Jamaica.

Morgan answered that he would give up everything but his plunder and sail straight to Jamaica, if permitted to depart in peace; otherwise he would fight it out.

Admiral Espinosa scornfully rejected such a proposition, and Morgan prepared to fight his way to the open sea.

A *brûlot* or fire-ship was the central figure prepared for the coming conflict. A vessel captured at Gibraltar was filled with dry palm-leaves dipped in a mixture of tar, brimstone and gunpowder. A kind of kettle-drum used by the negroes made a good representation of cannon, and ten of these were mounted. Wooden posts, dressed in Buccaneer costumes, held muskets in apparent readiness to fire upon the enemy. Montero caps were so fixed on top of the posts as to make a very clever deception. Morgan's flag was nailed to the mast, and the fire-ship was ready for orders.

On the evening of April 30, 1669, they sailed in quest of the Spanish fleet, and anchored near the stately gal-

leons. All of Morgan's vessels together were but little heavier than one of Espinosa's war-ships. At the first break of day the *brûlot* was steered straight toward the Spanish admiral's ship. Regardless of the fire concentrated upon it, the fire-ship rushed at the vessel like a wildcat attacking an elephant. When too late, the nature of the little vessel was discovered. The *brûlot* burst into flames, and numerous explosions threw a flood of fire over the admiral's ship. The Spanish commander endeavored to rally his men to fight the fire, but in wild terror they sprang overboard into the sea.

In the confusion the Buccaneers boarded and captured one of the other vessels. When the third ship saw the fate of the other two, it was run ashore and set on fire. Not a Buccaneer had perished in the destruction of the three vessels, involving the loss of more than half the Spanish sailors.

The way was still disputed by the fort, and Morgan's guns were too light to make any impression on its walls. Returning to Maracaibo, he demanded and received from the citizens, who had meanwhile returned, the ransom originally asked, with the addition of five hundred cows. Then he sent word to the fort that he meant to cover the exposed parts of his ship with citizens of Maracaibo, and with his prisoners from Gibraltar. If he was fired upon, he would, when past the fort, kill all the prisoners that had escaped the cannonading.

With this message he sent a petition of the prisoners asking that clear passage be given the fleet. To the petition of the prisoners the admiral, who had escaped to the fort, replied: "If you had been as

loyal to your king in hindering the entrance of these pirates as I shall be in hindering their going out, you had never caused these troubles, either to yourselves or to our whole nation, which hath suffered so much through your pusillanimity. I shall not grant your request, but shall endeavor to maintain that respect which is due my king, according to my duty."

To this Morgan replied: "If Don Alonso Espinosa will not give me passage, I will make one." Then he spent eight days dividing the spoils in the sight of the angry garrison. This done he resorted to a stratagem.

Boats filled with armed men were lowered from each vessel and rowed ashore. At the landing-place, hidden from the fort, the Buccaneers lay down flat in the boats and were rowed back unseen to the side of the ship opposite to the fort, where they were taken back on board. This was repeated until it appeared that the greater portion of the crews had been sent ashore for a land attack on the fort.

Meanwhile the Spanish garrison, expecting a fierce land attack, was working hard to change its best guns, that had been trained seaward, over to the side of the fort on which the land attack would most surely be made.

When night came the Buccaneer fleet spread its sails and dropped down with the ebb-tide. The ships were almost opposite the fort before the Spaniards understood the stratagem, but it was too late. With a salute of guns, Morgan bade the fort adieu. His prisoners from Maracaibo he set free, because they had paid their ransom, but those from Gibraltar were delinquent, and he carried them as slaves to Jamaica.

In a few months, as usual, the groggeries of Jamaica

had the spoils of the Buccaneers, and Morgan was importuned to lead another expedition. He consented, and the news spread. Hunters, fishermen, farmers and artisans of all kinds, gamblers, outlaws and adventurers of every nationality, began to gather at the appointed rendezvous on the southern coast of Hispaniola. Captains offered their ships; organized bands, fully equipped, came overland from Tortuga; Buccaneers, pirates and smugglers of every grade and description reached the place in canoes and cast-away *piraguas*, until over two thousand men, as desperate and daring as ever ravaged the Spanish Main, were clamoring for a place in the expedition.

In October of 1670, twenty-four vessels were ready, except in the supply of provisions. Then the forage for food began. Four vessels went to La Rancheria, on the banks of the Rio de la Hacha, to secure grain, especially maize and cassava. An expedition was sent out for wild boars and cattle. In due time the final review took place at Cape Tiburon, on the western coast of Hispaniola, and Morgan sailed away with thirty-seven vessels and twenty-two hundred fighting men, exclusive of servants and sailors.

When they left the coast, on December 18, 1670, only Morgan and a few of his most trusted captains had any idea of the destination of the expedition. Its task was no less than the stupendous one of capturing Panama. But it was necessary to have willing guides, who understood not only the defenses of the city, but also every mile of the way. Such guides were to be found nowhere but in the Spanish prisons.

A few years before, Saint Catherine's Islands had been strongly fortified and fitted out as a Spanish penal

colony for the criminals and political prisoners of every caste and nationality in the Spanish church and government of America.

Morgan decided that if he could take this place he would find plunder enough to pay him for the trouble, as well as a sufficient quota of competent and willing guides for the expedition to Panama.

December 20, 1670, he landed on Saint Catherine's a thousand men, whom he led with a picked force of one hundred Buccaneers, participants in the previous capture of the islands by Mansfeld, when Morgan was second in command. Nothing could be found to eat, and the men were drenched by a continuous storm of rain. In this demoralized condition of shivering and starving men, Morgan sent word to the almost impregnable fort that unless it surrendered immediately every Spaniard would be put to the sword when it was stormed.

The commander of the fort believed that the threat would be executed, but Spanish honor must be upheld. A parley was asked for, and a plan of surrender was proposed, in which the Spaniards would appear to fight bravely but without danger to any one.

The fortified part of Saint Catherine's was composed of two principal islands connected by a bridge. One of the fortresses was at this bridge, and the other two at advantageous points on each island. The Buccaneers were to attack the three fortifications simultaneously, but both sides were to load their guns only with powder. Thus the civilians would be deceived into thinking the soldiers had done their duty, and the officers would be on record as having defended the island to the best of their ability.

Morgan, however, feared Spanish treachery, and he ordered half the Buccaneers to load with bullets, but to reserve their fire. If a single ball was found to come from Spanish guns, every Buccaneer was to shoot to kill.

But the farce was carried out, after a brilliant bombardment of powder, and the three strong fortresses, with the seven smaller forts of the islands, were surrendered. In one magazine a welcome gift of thirty thousand pounds of powder was found. Fear was the Buccaneers' best weapon, for without it a better commander than Morgan, with several times such a force, could never have taken Saint Catherine's.

During Morgan's career, culminating in his attack on Panama, he led many minor expeditions, interesting in themselves, but, taken together, monotonous in their general events. The crowning conquest of this great chief is the most important as an illustration of them all.

Several guides were found at Saint Catherine's, happy at the opportunity to get their freedom and to be revenged on the Governor of Panama.

The first step was to capture Chagres and its castle St. Laurence, on the eastern coast of the isthmus. Morgan sent four ships and four hundred men ahead of the main fleet to accomplish this daring feat.

St. Laurence was situated on a high rock surrounded by strong palisades and a ditch thirty feet wide. With great toil the Buccaneers cut their way through the thick forest and attacked the fortress in the rear. A fierce fire was opened on them, and at dusk they were forced to retreat, believing that they must abandon the attempt. Seeing the retreat, the

Spaniards began to shout: "Run, you heretic dogs and English devils! You can never reach Panama by this route!"

This proved that the Spaniards knew Morgan's plans, and the derisive taunts provoked the men to another assault.

A Frenchman was struck by an arrow, and drawing it from the wound, he wrapped it with wild cotton and rammed it down his gun upon a double charge of powder. Then he fired it at the dry thatch of palm leaves covering the fort. In a moment the roof was ablaze. Seeing the result, other arrows were wrapped in cotton, and fired back as rapidly as possible. Most of the Spanish soldiers were then called to fight the fires that broke out in every part of the stockade. Presently consternation and ruin were wrought by the explosion of a powder-magazine. But all night the battle continued and till noon the next day, when the fire from the guns of the fort was so weak that the Buccaneers waded across the ditch and climbed over the palisades. Many of the remaining Spaniards sprang from the overhanging rock into the sea. Out of the garrison of three hundred and fourteen men only twenty-three remained alive.

When Morgan came on with the rest of the fleet, after being delayed by a storm, he was delighted to see the English flag waving over Chagres.

Shouts of "Long live the king!" and "Vive la France!" were mingled with cries of "Long live Harry Morgan!" as the Buccaneer chief came ashore.

In a few days the march across the isthmus to Panama began. But the Russians at Moscow before the victorious Napoleon were not more determined

than the Spaniards of the isthmus to destroy every useful thing in the way of the invaders. Soldiers and civilians alike laid waste everything that would contribute in any way to the sustenance or shelter of the Buccaneers. Every house along the route was found in ashes, and scarcely an animal or pound of food was left.

With almost unparalleled endurance the Buccaneers pursued their way; and at the end of a week, enervated and exhausted, they reached the height of land from which Balboa, Drake and Oxenham had looked down upon the South Sea.

Another day and they saw the city of Panama, hardly a league away. Morgan reviewed his troops and found that he had a little more than a thousand men ready for immediate service

As they were about to break camp to move upon the city, fifty Spanish horsemen rode furiously up and stopped just beyond musket-shot.

"Heretics and dogs," they shouted in chorus several times, "we welcome you to your death."

The Spaniards had prepared admirable defenses along the way they expected the invaders to come, but the Buccaneers took another route, over some marshy ground, which made the Spanish cavalry almost useless.

Two hundred Hispaniola hunters, noted for their marksmanship, were in advance. When firmer ground was reached, the Spanish cavalry of four hundred horsemen charged upon them, and were almost annihilated. Then the Spaniards tried a stratagem which the Carthaginians had used in their wars with the *Romans.* Fifteen hundred wild bulls were driven in

a stampede upon the Buccaneers in advance of twenty-four hundred infantrymen. But Morgan was not less astute than the Romans. He fired the grass before the bulls, and turned them back upon their drivers.

The infantry, dismayed by the loss of the cavalry, fired a few rounds, then in a panic turned and fled. But the Buccaneers were too exhausted to follow up their victory.

The bulls they had killed gave them a feast of flesh which they greatly needed, and after a short rest they marched up to the walls of the city. Although strongly fortified and well manned, nothing could stand before the furious recklessness of the Buccaneers, and after three hours' fighting they carried the defenses by assault and poured over into the city.

"In the name of the saints!" exclaimed one of a group of women, watching the Spanish soldiers begging for mercy, "These heretics are not such cowardly dogs as we have been told, and they look not worse than many of our Spaniards!"

A month of harrowing torture and licensed outrage, drunken revelry and besotted carousal, followed the capture of the city. The palatial cedar houses and sumptuous mahogany furnishings were destroyed, never to be restored. The inhabitants, after the departure of the Buccaneers, all moved to the safer site of the present city of Panama, four miles away.

As a typical incident of the conduct of the Buccaneers, a writer who was present relates that a wretched old Panama beggar chanced to go into the Governor's mansion and find some of the most elegant of the Governor's costumes. With these, he proceeded to adorn himself after the most approved fashion. As

he came out two Buccaneers proceeded to torture him to make him tell where he had concealed his riches. They argued that such an exquisitely clothed gentleman must have somewhere great wealth. Not till the unfortunate creature was dead did they discover that his protestations of poverty were true.

Exquemelin tells a very entertaining and romantic story of the infatuation of the Buccaneer chief, Morgan, for a Spanish lady of wealth and rank whom he found among his prisoners. Her husband had gone on business to Peru, and in the general terror she had no friends. Morgan installed her in her own home, and treated her like a princess. Servants were detailed to wait on her, and guards were placed at her door. The chief frequently visited her as a friend, and it is said that she was astonished to learn from his oaths that he truly believed in a God. His kindness began to make her believe that the Buccaneers were a much maligned people, when to her great distress, she discovered that his attentions were not those of a man of honor, due to her breeding, wealth and rank.

To his unveiled advances she cried: "Stop! Thinkest thou, then, that thou canst ravish mine honor from me as thou hast wrested from me my fortune and my liberty? Be assured that while my life is in my own hands thou canst not harm me!"

She drew a concealed dagger and held it over her heart.

At this Morgan ordered her to be placed among the other unransomed prisoners, where she would share their privations and hardships without distinction or exception.

When the Buccaneers left Panama it took one

SHE DREW A CONCEALED DAGGER AND WILDLY CUT [illegible]

hundred and seventy-five horses to carry their plunder. There were six hundred unransomed prisoners carried away—men, women and children—whose lamentations filled the day and night.

Whenever the opportunity occurred, the women threw themselves on their knees before Morgan and prayed him to be allowed to return to Panama.

"We will be contented to live in huts of straw with the poorest clothing and food forever after," they cried, "if only we are not sold as slaves in Jamaica."

"I came to seek money," replied Morgan. "Get that, and you are free."

"But I have been betrayed by two monks," said one lady whose voice sounded familiar to Morgan. He stopped and could hardly recognize the emaciated form of the lady with whom he had been so infatuated three weeks before.

"Oh, that I had appreciated the goodness of my husband and my home!" she wailed. "Now I know suffering."

"What is your trouble, my good lady?" inquired the chieftain.

She told her story. Two priests had been told by her where to go and find gold which she had secreted in sufficient quantity to ransom her several times over; but they had taken the money and used it to set free themselves and their friends. Morgan investigated the story and found it unquestionably true. He sent the lady back to Panama, and recaptured the two monks. He refused all ransom for them, and carried them to Jamaica, where he sold them as slaves.

On reaching Chagres the spoils were divided, and to

the astonishment of the men who had fought through such hardships, there was only two hundred pieces of eight to each man. Such work and such booty were worth more than a paltry share of hardly two hundred dollars.

"But Captain Morgan," says the Buccaneer historian, "was deaf to this and many other like complaints, having designed to cheat them of what he could."

Since the most that we know of this great Buccaneer chieftain is from writers of other nationalities, it is possible that we have a distorted picture of his career.

In any event, Morgan secretly sailed away for Jamaica, and deserted the French at Chagres.

At Spanish Town, then the capital of Jamaica, Morgan was hailed as a great hero. In a short time he married the Governor's daughter, a very wealthy woman in her own right.

Those who believed themselves robbed of their rightful share in the spoils of Panama plotted to capture him and force him to repay them; but a royal order came from England for him to appear before the king to answer to the charge of piracy, made by the Spanish ambassador.

Instead of being disgraced and hanged, as the ambassador expected, Charles II knighted him and sent him back to Jamaica as Commissioner of Admiralty.

The Earl of Carnarvon was at this time Governor, and he returned to England in 1680 for his health, leaving Morgan as his deputy.

In this office Morgan seems to have executed the

law with rigid impartiality. Some of his old comrades he caused to be hanged for piracy, and others he delivered over to the Spanish authorities at Cartagena.

James II soon after came to the throne of England, and he desired to make friends with Spain. One of the steps to this end was to send for Morgan and put him on trial for the same deeds which Charles II had deemed worthy of knighthood.

He is described as being at that time the image of a bluff and hearty cavalier. He had a bull neck, square-cut jowl, and a heavy chin. His eyes were large and wide apart, because of the broad though long, straight nose. His hair was parted in the middle, and hung in straight locks over his shoulders.

It was in his power once to found a great floating republic, and like his early chieftain Mansfeld, he had designs of doing this, with headquarters at Saint Catherine's. But for some reason it was not done. Possibly he lacked the grasp of mind and means. If he had done so, the whole story of the West Indies might have been changed.

It is known that he lay in prison three years. Beyond that there is no record.

And thus passed from history Sir Henry Morgan, greatest of the Buccaneers.

CHAPTER X

LAST OF THE SEA MONSTERS.

A Spanish galleon in 1878 secretly received from the treasury of Spain a consignment of $85,000,000, for London bankers. Revolutionists threatened the safety of the coin, and it was sent to England.

Off the coast of Gunwalloe, in the Lizard district of Cornwall, a fierce storm arose, and the galleon was wrecked. Most of the crew escaped, but the royal treasure that had been rescued from the insurrectionists at home fell into the more relentless grasp of the sea. Owing to the depth of the water along the treacherous coast, divers could recover nothing, but the strong tides frequently cast up a considerable quantity of the bright coin. One sharp-eyed fisherman found so many that the Board of Trade demanded the government's share of the spoil, but not a *peseta* was ever returned to the treasury of Spain. Doubtless that was the last treasure-laden galleon that decadent Spain will ever risk upon the sea. The ocean has engulfed more of her treasure than of any other nation since the beginning of history. If the wealth which Spain lost to the Buccaneers and to the sea could be restored to her in the depths of her present woe, she would at once take rank as the most wealthy and powerful among nations.

Velasquez, Cortez and Pizarro secured fabulous *riches through* the torture and destruction of Caribs,

IN THE GOVERNOR'S HOUSE. HE SAW ROOMS PACKED TO THE CEILING WITH SILVER BARS

Aztecs and Incas, and the great Tudor captains came down upon their successors like eagles upon gorged foxes. Drake, Hawkins, Oxenham, Raleigh, Cavendish and Frobisher, were but elder brothers of Morgan, Dampier, L'Olonnois, Montbar, Bras de Fer and Kidd.

It was but a step from the privateers of that time to the Buccaneers, and hardly more than a step lower to such pirates as Roberts, Blackbeard, Avery, Misson, Jean Lafitte and De Soto.

Sir Francis Drake, in 1572, prepared the way for the empire of anarchy in the West Indies, and carried the first terror to the Spanish Main. He was the pioneer in proving the "weak and wealthy" condition of Spanish America. His first expedition brought to England nearly a million dollars' worth of booty. He found many tons of silver in easy reach, but had no way to transport it to the sea. At Nombre de Dios he looked into the Governor's house and saw rooms packed to the ceiling with silver bars. Near Veragua he passed by the house of a mine-owner who had several tons of silver stored in his cellar, and this amount was being increased at the rate of more than a thousand dollars' worth a day. The Symerons told him that very often they captured large quantities of the white metal, and threw it into the deep sea, because they found that this annoyed the Spaniards. Four incursions had been made by Drake, when he died near Porto Bello, and was buried at sea.

Henry Sevile, in his "Libel of Spanish Lies," said: "It did ease the Stomachs of the timorous Spaniards greatly to hear of the death of him whose life was a Scourge and a continual Pestilence to them."

Sir Walter Raleigh took many a town and Spanish galleon before he was beheaded by King James on the technical charge of the Spanish ambassador, that he had burned a village on the Orinoco.

John Oxenham, of whom Kingsley wrote in "Westward Ho," was too impatient to wait for Drake, and went across the Isthmus with an insufficient force. He obtained the distinction of being the first Englishman to sail a boat on the Pacific Ocean, but he was captured and executed as a pirate because he had not been commissioned by his queen.

Many extraordinary and extensive sea voyages were also made by such Englishmen as Sawkins, Sharpe and William Dampier. In one of Dampier's expeditions that left England in 1705, was a Scotch sailor named Alexander Selkirk, under command of Captain Stradling. This sailor became so seditious and mutinous that he was marooned on the island of Juan Fernandes. Five years later Dampier was pilot of another expedition which touched at this island and took away the marooned Scotchman.

On Selkirk's return to Scotland, he told a strange story of his solitary life on the island. This story came to the ears of Daniel Defoe, the most prolific essayist and writer of that day, and the wonderful romance of Robinson Crusoe was the result.

The only difference between these great sea rovers and the later pirates was that they respected the flag of their own country and were satisfied with whatever there was to be found in the spoils of honorable battle.

But the Tudor captains have a place among the heroes of English history, and no one thinks of linking *their names* and achievements with those of Bucca-

neers and pirates, however similar were their aims on the Spanish Main.

After the treaty of Ryswick, in 1697, the technical distinction between Buccaneers and pirates ceased to exist. To attack Spaniards in time of peace was henceforth an international crime, but for many years there was still "no peace beyond the line."

As early as 1670 a treaty was made in Madrid securing to England all the islands in the West Indies then held by the English, and the territory north of Florida on the continent. Nevertheless a little later the Spaniards came up from St. Augustine and laid waste the territory about the Edisto River, and England retaliated through her privateers.

Spain was so thoroughly hated by the rest of the civilized world during the whole of the seventeenth century that the Buccaneers seemingly arose by special act of Providence as a chosen means of paralyzing Spanish power in America.

After the treaty of Ryswick, New Providence, in the Bahamas, became the rendezvous of the successors to the Buccaneers. England, France and Holland made a great show of hunting down the pirates, but rarely succeeded in capturing one that operated exclusively against Spain. They were also careful not to lose a foot of territory acquired while the Buccaneers were terrorizing the coast and driving Spanish power from the American seas.

At this time the English colonies along the Atlantic coast had become strong, and were not averse to a traffic in which there was so much profit. For many years Spanish money, taken by pirates, was so plentiful, especially in New England and the Carolinas,

that it almost superseded the use of English money. It was said that the pirates paid their scores like honest fellows, and it was no one's business to inquire how they came into possession of Spanish coin.

Captain Bartholomew Roberts was especially welcome along the coast. He was a consummate ocean dandy, and loved to give spectacular displays of his courage and power.

Roberts was a lieutenant under Davis, the Buccaneer strategist, and was elected to command when Davis was killed by the victorious Portuguese on the Isle of Prince. Six months before, Roberts was an honest second mate on board the Princess, which sailed from London in November, 1719, and was captured by Davis the next February. Roberts joined the pirates, and at once rose to favor.

"As I have dipped my hands in muddy water," said the newly made captain, "and must be a pirate, it is better to be a commander than a common man."

The first feat that distinguished him as a sea-robber of high ability was when he encountered forty-two Portuguese ships lying just outside the bay of Los Todos Santos, Brazil, ready to set sail for Lisbon. Putting his men under the hatches, he steered in among the merchantmen with such careless freedom that they did not suspect him of being a stranger. Going quietly alongside one of the vessels, he ordered the captain to come aboard at once without giving an alarm, or he would sink the ship and all on board. The frightened captain obeyed, and Roberts ordered him to direct them to the richest ship in the fleet or to be run through with a sword. The captain pointed out a ship which he told them had the most treasure,

but was equipped with forty guns and one hundred and fifty men. This vessel outclassed Roberts in every respect, but he steered straight to the ship and made his prisoner invite the captain on board for a private conference. But the bustle and preparation on the Portuguese vessel showed the pirates that they were discovered, and they at once poured in a broadside, grappled and boarded the prize.

Instantly there was wild alarm in the fleet, signs of distress were flying from every mast head, and signal guns were booming to notify two war-ships at anchor in the harbor. But Roberts made quick work of his attack; and while the Portuguese men-of-war were getting under way, he sailed off with his rich prize. Fully a million dollars' worth of booty was secured, including a magnificent diamond cross, sent by the wealthy men of Brazil as a present to the king of Portugal. This cross the pirates bestowed on the Governor of Guiana as a token of their appreciation of his hospitable treatment of them while at Devil's Island. A pirate's rendezvous was here, where wine, women and dice could play havoc with the men's ill-gotten gains. This island was hardly less notorious as the pirates' retreat than as the prison of Captain Dreyfus.

The exploit of Roberts in the Portuguese fleet was very similar to that of Pierre François in the pearl fleet off the mouth of Rio de la Hache, but François had only a canoe with twenty-six men. He found the pearl fleet at anchor; and taking down his sails, rowed in among them, as if his were a Spanish vessel coming up from Maracaibo. When he came alongside the principal ship, which had sixty men and eighty

guns, he suddenly grappled it, and his men sprang aboard and cut the Spaniards down before they could recover from their panic. He then sunk his own boat and compelled his prisoners to assist him in weighing anchor and escaping with a hundred thousand dollars' worth of pearls.

At Devil's Island, while Roberts was absent, Kennedy, the Irish lieutenant left in command, sailed away with the Portuguese prize and most of the crew. But Kennedy's career as a pirate was short-lived. Near Barbadoes he fell in with a peculiar prize. The captain invited him and his crew on board, and unreservedly offered them everything he had. Captain Knott and his obliging crew were Quakers, and they believed literally in the injunction that when struck on one cheek they should turn the other also. Kennedy went on to Jamaica, but eight of his crew fell so in love with the old Quaker that they decided to go home with him. As they sailed home they made presents to their new Quaker friends amounting to more than two thousand dollars.

The boisterous pirates led a jolly life on board the Quaker ship. The mild-mannered and unresisting Pennsylvanians offered no opposition, and the eight passengers had a merry time till they arrived in the Chesapeake. There four of the pirates stole a boat and escaped ashore into Maryland. Captain Knott and his crew turned over to Governor Spottswood of Virginia all that the pirates had given them and informed him of the four pirates on board and the four ashore. Governor Spottswood had just gained some fame by capturing Blackbeard and his men, so *he promptly* enhanced that reputation as a pirate-

hunter by hanging the eight passengers who had so confidently come home with the Quaker captain.

Kennedy's other men had meanwhile concluded to go to England and reform. On the way they decided that Kennedy could not be trusted, and must be thrown overboard, but his protestations of honor prevailed, and they concluded to set him ashore on the southern coast of Ireland. However, they were poor navigators; and when they got ashore in a small inlet they discovered that they were on the north coast of Scotland.

Abandoning their ship, they went to a village about five miles away and proceeded to help themselves to all they needed, paying generously therefor, and explaining that they were shipwrecked sailors who had been able to save their money.

Kennedy went to the nearest port, and shipped for Ireland, where he was hanged in 1732 for housebreaking. Seven others made their way quietly to London, but the main body of the gang went together on toward Edinburgh, throwing the country through which they passed into an uproar and terrorizing the villages and towns along the way. Some were killed and robbed by highwaymen, others were thrown into prison; and when Edinburgh was reached the seventeen that remained were arrested on the general principle of their bad behavior. Two turned state's evidence, and nine were hanged.

Roberts endeavored to reorganize his depleted forces, and in order to guard against future desertions they solemnly took oath that no Irishman should ever again be allowed in their company.

Nothing notable followed, until in June, 1720,

when he entered the harbor of Trepassi, Newfoundland. The frightened sailors on the twenty-two ships in the harbor fled to the shore as soon as they saw the black flags streaming from the masts of the approaching pirates. With the most wanton havoc, everything of any value in the harbor and along the shore was destroyed.

It was one of Roberts' ships, on this cruise, that chased a small trading vessel into Oakum Bay, near Marblehead, and pursued the crew ashore, where the pirates murdered them all, including the wife of the captain.

Of the legend coming from this event, Whittier wrote:

"'Tis said that often when the moon
Is struggling with the gloomy even,
And over moon and star is drawn
The curtain of a clouded heaven,
Strange sounds swell up the narrow glen,
As if that robber crew was there,
The hellish laughs, the shouts of men,
And woman's dying prayer."

Roberts very piously maintained at all times that the Lord prospered him and his work. Once when his crew were nearly famished, they found some water but nothing to eat. Roberts told them to pray with him believing, since "Providence, which gave them drink, would, no doubt, bring them meat also, if they would faithfully use but an honest endeavor."

At Martinique, Roberts entered the harbor flying the jack of a trading vessel. Immediately all the tradesmen vied with one another as to who could bring the most acceptable goods for trade. As fast as they came aboard, he robbed them and put

them under the hatches, until all were prisoners together.

When he brought them out to send them ashore he made them a little speech in which he said: "I would not have you come off for nothing. So you Dutch rogues can leave your money and your goods behind. I pray that you may always have such profitable trade and such Dutch luck as this."

At Whydah, Africa, he captured a slave ship, which the captain refused to ransom. Enraged at this, Roberts set the ship on fire, leaving several hundred black wretches to be burned alive or to jump overboard and be eaten by a school of sharks that swarmed around the ship. Here he intercepted a letter to the agent of the Royal African Company, saying that the English man-of-war *Swallow* was in pursuit of Roberts. This vessel came upon him at Cape Lopez Bay; but when Roberts, looking over the island, saw its masts slowly approaching, he mistook it for a coast trading vessel and ordered one of his three ships to capture it. In endeavoring to avoid Frenchman's Sand-bank, the *Swallow* appeared to be trying to escape, and the pirate vessel followed it out of hearing of its companions. When the pirate ship was close enough the *Swallow* opened its ports, and a two hours' battle raged. A puff of smoke rolled from the pirate vessel, making the Englishmen think it had been blown up. They boarded it, only to find most of the men dead and the rest horribly burned as the result of an abortive attempt to blow up their powder-magazine rather than to be taken.

Three days later Roberts again saw over the edge of the island the masts of an approaching ship. Half

his crew were drunk, and they all declared it to be a harmless Portuguese trader or a French slaver. But the illusion was soon dispelled by the guns of the English man-of-war. Roberts dressed himself in a damask waistcoat and breeches of the richest crimson. A long red plume waved over his broad felt hat, and a heavy gold chain was about his neck, from which hung a diamond cross. With three pairs of pistols in a silk sling over his shoulder and a broadsword in his hand, he was a picture of the spectacular pirate. During the savage conflict that followed Roberts was struck in the neck with a grape-shot, and the disheartened crews of the two vessels surrendered. Of the one hundred and fifty-five who were taken to England for trial, fifty-two were hanged.

Roberts delighted to make always as gorgeous a spectacle of himself as possible, but, on the contrary, Blackbeard, his contemporary in villainy, endeavored to inspire terror and horror. He was gratified to be thought an incarnate fiend. Charles Johnson says that "he was more terrible to America than a comet."

His beard grew to an extravagant length, and he twisted it into small tails with bright ribbons and strung them over his ears. He was always inventing some new way to appear satanic. A favorite device was to wear at night a light under the rim of his hat, making him present such a figure that, as his historian says, "the imagination cannot form an idea of a fury from hell to look more frightful."

In the court records of Virginia his name appears as Edward Thatch, although his family name in Bristol, England, was said to be Drummond. Many writers call him Teach, and he was more popularly

known simply as Blackbeard. Under the name of Thatch he accepted the king's pardon in 1717 from the Governor of North Carolina.

His exploits were in no wise remarkable, either for cunning or daring, and they fall so far short of those performed by his predecessors that he is hardly worth including in a story of the great Buccaneers, except from the fact of his notorious connection with governors and prominent citizens among the English colonies of the Atlantic coast.

Governor Eden of North Carolina warned Thatch, or Blackbeard, as he is better known, that Governor Spottswood of Virginia had sent Lieutenant Maynard after him, but the pirate was in hiding at Okercock Inlet, and believed himself safe. Lieutenant Maynard found him there, and the battle that followed was a most desperate one. The first broadside from the pirate killed twenty-nine of Maynard's men. Then Blackbeard's crew threw a lot of hand-grenades, made of case bottles, into Maynard's vessel. The men ran into the cabin, and Blackbeard, seeing no one on deck, thought they were all killed; so he ordered his men to board. As they came over the sides, Maynard's men reappeared. Pistols were emptied at short range, and the men fell upon each other with their cutlasses. Blackbeard and Lieutenant Maynard came together in a fierce attack. Stroke on stroke fell swiftly till Maynard's sword was broken at the hilt. Blackbeard's cutlass was raised to cleave the skull of his disarmed antagonist, when a shot from one of the lieutenant's men struck the pirate in the neck. He reeled backward, and then recovered himself. But the moment's respite sufficed for Maynard to seize a

sword from the hands of a dead man at his feet and parry the blow that followed. Once more the sword of the lithe lieutenant and that of the hideous-looking Blackbeard clashed together. There were then thirteen Virginians against fifteen pirates.

The Virginians fought as gallantly as the pirates fought desperately, with the result that, to save themselves, eight pirates jumped overboard, leaving the others to their fate.

Blackbeard fell dead with twenty-five wounds in his leathery body, five of them being from bullets.

When Maynard arrived at Bath Town, Blackbeard's head, according to the custom of the time, was hanging at the bowsprit of the victorious ship.

The pirate's two vessels were searched, and letters were found from Governor Eden and from numerous prominent merchants along the coast. These guilty friends were never punished. Eighty hogsheads of sugar were taken from the storehouse of Governor Eden, where the pirate had left them as a reward for the Governor's friendship.

However, the friends of Blackbeard must have had a severe scare, as it is related that Governor Eden's private secretary fell ill while the sugar was being taken away, and in two days died of fright.

Strange to say, several of the men who fought so bravely with Maynard afterward became pirates, and one was hanged.

In the courts of the colonists there was exhibited much singular leniency, with here and there much unexpected severity.

The case of Captain Tew, who had been made a *privateer by* the Governor of the Bermudas, furnishes a

peculiar example of New England forbearance. His crew had for a motto the significant words, "A golden chain or a wooden leg."

Off the straits of Babelmandeb they captured, in an argosy bound from the East Indies to Arabia, the richest booty ever taken at one time on the high seas. When sold, each of the humblest sailors aboard had fifteen thousand dollars as his share.

Off the coast of Madagascar Tew joined Misson, known as the knight errant, and Caraccioli, the Don Quixote of the seas. After the failure of their socialistic colony in Madagascar, and the death of Caraccioli, Misson and Tew sailed for New England. Misson's ship went down in a storm, but Tew's weathered it and arrived at Rhode Island, where he proceeded to satisfy those whom he had wronged in the early period of his piracy. To one man, from whom he had stolen a sloop, he paid fourteen times its value. For several years he lived there as a highly respected and unmolested citizen. But the spirit of the sea-rover was heavy upon him, and he yielded to the entreaty of some of his old comrades to go on another expedition. They procured a vessel and went to the Red Sea, where he fell in an attack on a treasure ship of the Great Mogul.

George Lowther and the notorious Ned Low had many friends along the coast south from New York, and spent much time there in 1722 and 1723; but after the death of George I, in 1727, there were only occasional piracies worthy of note along the coast of the English Colonies, and the special laws against pirates, ending with his reign, were never renewed by succeeding English sovereigns.

Until the advent of steam, the use of improved guns, and a united determination of civilized nations to repress piracy, the remote seas were not free from pirates; but few events took place interesting enough to be included in a history with their great predecessors. Even privateering at last came under the ban of international agreement, and in the Spanish-American war the United States hastened to assert that no American privateers would be sent forth.

Of latter-day pirates the Gulf of Mexico had its most notorious character in Jean Lafitte. He was born at St. Malo, on the western coast of France, the home and burial-place of Jacques Cartier. During the last wars of the First Napoleon he received command at Mauritius of a privateer fitted out to prey on English commerce. But instead of executing his commission he turned pirate, and plundered every vessel that fell in his power. Several very bold and daring captures were made, so that Lafitte fairly earned a place among great sea-rovers.

Tiring of the sea, he went to New Orleans and opened a blacksmith shop, which was run by his slaves, and under cover of this, he did an extensive business in smuggling.

The indefinite territory known as Barataria, on the coast of Louisiana, west of the Mississippi, harbored an increasing colony of smugglers and gulf pirates, of which Lafitte became the leading spirit. They confined their operations almost entirely to the Gulf Coast, but wild stories of lost vessels off the Carolinas, often thrilled the colonists with the fear of ruthless pirates o. ce more come to power. One of the most *harrowing* rumors of that time was connected with the

disappearance of Theodosia Allston, wife of the Governor of South Carolina and only child of Aaron Burr. She left Charleston December 30th, 1812, on the *Patriot* to meet her father in New York on his return from a period of homeless, penniless and friendless exile in Europe.

There is much reason to believe that the *Patriot* went down in a storm off Cape Hatteras, but ever after, the popular belief was that passengers and crew were destroyed by Gulf pirates.

In 1870, an octogenarian died in a Detroit almshouse, leaving a written statement that he was on board a pirate vessel belonging to the Baratarians, when they captured the *Patriot* and made every one "walk the plank," including the daughter of Aaron Burr. He said that she went to her death with the greatest heroism of them all.

In 1814 Lafitte received letters from British authorities offering him the rank of post-captain and command of a forty-four gun frigate, with a bonus of thirty thousand dollars, if he would enter the service of England, in its war with the United States. On the same day, September 4th, 1814, he sent these communications to Governor Claiborne of Louisiana, asking pardon from the government for himself and his friends, with the privilege of showing their appreciation by enlisting in the service of the United States.

An interview was arranged for between Lafitte and General Jackson, at the end of which General Jackson said: "Farewell; when we meet again I trust it will be in the ranks of the American army."

Governor Claiborne then issued a proclamation promising pardon to Lafitte and all of his friends who

would serve in the American army. At the battle of New Orleans three batteries were manned by the Baratarians, one of these under command of Jean Lafitte and his lieutenant, Dominique You. In the general orders, issued after the defeat of Pakenham, the victorious Jackson gave special praise to Lafitte and his Baratarians. President Madison soon issued a pardon for those Baratarians who had aided in the defense of New Orleans.

About 1819 Lafitte and his friends settled on an island in Galveston Bay, where he was soon in command of three hundred men and five vessels. Though nominally sailing under a legitimate commission from General Long of the Mexican Territory of Texas, it was known that he had returned to illegitimate trade. He did all he could to avoid trouble with the United States authorities, even hanging one of his men for being implicated in robbing a Louisiana plantation. At this time he was declared a pirate by British authortiies, and in defiance fitted out a fast-sailing brigantine with sixteen guns and one hundred and sixty men.

A British sloop-of-war, cruising in the Gulf, came upon him, and the battle for life began. After several broadsides, the Englishmen boarded the pirate, and a hand-to-hand conflict with pistols and cutlasses ensued. They fought like beasts of the jungle. Lafitte fell with his right leg broken by a shot, and with a sword thrust in the abdomen. He encouraged his crew till his voice became too weak to call. Just then the captain of the boarders fell upon the deck near him, struck senseless by a blow on the head. *Lafitte raised* his dagger to stab the Englishman

before he revived, but the pirate lurched forward across the body, striking the dagger into the leg of the prostrate man. Again he tried, more carefully. Running his left hand over the breast of his fallen foe in order to find the place to strike, which his dimming eye could no longer see, he raised his arm for the blow, and fell dead. More than half the crew were lifeless on the bloody decks before the remainder surrendered. These were taken to Jamaica, where ten were hanged and the remainder pardoned.

Horrifying stories of atrocious piracies in remote parts of the world now and then shocked the people of civilized countries, but none were more notorious than that of Benito De Soto, who, from the lateness of his operations, may be appropriately called the last of the noted pirates.

De Soto was a common sailor on a slaver off the coast of Africa, when the first mate conspired to capture the ship from the captain and turn pirate. He confided his plans to De Soto, who was delegated to learn the sentiments of the crew. Twenty-two were ready for any enterprise, but the remaining eighteen refused every overture to induce them to betray their captain. Not to be defeated in his intentions, the first mate secretly armed De Soto and his twenty-two accomplices. Then, while the captain was absent ashore, the eighteen men were suddenly confronted with revolvers and cutlasses, overpowered and set adrift in a frail canoe during a storm.

A night of carousal followed, dedicatory to their career. De Soto alone remained sober, and when the revelry had settled into stupor, he deliberately shot the first mate, who had just been declared commander,

and told the men that he himself was the only one fitted to be their captain.

For nearly two years he ranged the high seas, usually taking only small coasters. His favorite pastime was to set the captured ships on fire, and amuse himself by watching the conduct of the helpless wretches in the holocaust. Sometimes he put the victims in the hold and nailed down the hatches before he applied the fire.

Near the island of Ascension, at daylight, February 21st, 1828, they sighted the *Morning Star*, an English vessel from Ceylon. It was a long chase that ensued, as every inch of canvas was crowded on the *Morning Star*. As noon approached the pirate ship came close enough for De Soto to use his speaking-trumpet.

"Lower your boat at once, and let the captain come on board with his papers."

As the ship was not armed, and there were not half as many fighting men aboard as could be seen on the pirate's decks, compliance seemed far more advisable than resistance. A passenger volunteered to deliver the papers required, and he was rowed over to the ship, which lay to about fifty yards away. On admitting that he was not the captain, the volunteer and the sailors with him were brutally beaten over the heads with the pirates' pistols and ordered to return at once for the captain. In the hope of keeping them in as good a humor as possible, the captain hastened aboard, taking with him the second mate, three invalided soldiers and a boy. De Soto ordered the captain to approach him, when he struck the unfortunate man to the deck with his sword, and the pirates killed

LOWER YOUR BOAT AT ONCE AND LET THE CAPTAIN COME ON BOARD

the others. De Soto then ordered a picked company of his men, heavily armed, to go aboard the *Morning Star*, kill all on board and sink the ship. Not knowing the terrible order that had been given, the remaining passengers and crew, including seven women, were assembled on deck, unarmed.

Immediately on reaching them, the pirates fired their pistols into the group of men and sprang upon them with their swords. Those that survived ran below and barricaded themselves in the hold, while the defenseless women hid themselves in the cabin.

After securing every bit of plunder to be found in the ship, and transferring it to their vessel, the pirates returned to complete the work of destruction. Some wine was found, and the beastly carousal that followed baffles the vocabulary of vileness to express its horror in adequate terms. When their recall was sounded from the pirate ship, they fastened the women in the cabin, piled heavy lumber on the hatches covering the imprisoned men, and bored holes through the hull below the water line.

The pirate ship then sailed away, De Soto supposing that all had been killed according to his orders. But as dark came on the women succeeded in breaking through the wall of the cabin, and a little later got into the hatchways and released the men from the hold. The almost suffocated and despairing men, on being released, immediately secured tools and stopped the leaks. The water was then pumped out of the hold, but the ship was a helpless wreck, because the rigging had all been cut away and the masts sawed through. Nevertheless, in a few days, help came, and a passing vessel took off the unfortunate people

and let the *Morning Star* go to the bottom of the sea.

De Soto decided that he had had enough of pirating, and would settle in Spain, near Corunna, his native town. After disposing of most of his cargo at Corunna, he obtained papers under a false name and went to Cadiz to sell the remainder and get rid of his vessel. Being driven upon the beach by a furious storm, he took this occasion to represent himself and his crew to the authorities as shipwrecked sailors, who desired authority to sell their damaged vessel.

Everything was moving smoothly and they were awaiting a last payment from some brokers, when the inconsistent stories of some of the sailors while drinking aroused suspicion and several were arrested. De Soto and a companion at once set out for the neutral ground at Gibraltar, which had become a notorious resort for criminals, because neither Spain nor England was exercising absolute jurisdiction in its government.

Having a letter of credit from Cadiz, De Soto forged a pass into the town of Gibraltar and collected the money. Here he took up his residence in an obscure tavern, where he expected to remain unmolested under his disguise and false name.

But when the survivors of the *Morning Star* reached England, their story was the sensation of the day, and was soon known in every English seaport.

De Soto could not long conceal himself in a town like Gibraltar, and he was presently under surveillance as a suspicious character. At last a raid was made on his room in his absence, and convicting evidence of his identity secured. His negro servant, who had

escaped from him at Corunna, was found to testify against him, and numerous articles in his possession were indisputably identified as the property of the ill-fated officers and passengers of the *Morning Star*. But he stoutly maintained his innocence until the hour before his execution, when he confessed the calendar of his crimes, and then suffered the penalty of the law.

The line of great and monstrous sea-robbers was at an end. From Sir Francis Drake to Benito De Soto, there had been a reign of terror spreading from the West Indies to all parts of the world, but the age of swift cruisers and long-range guns had come, and the pirate disappeared with the Buccaneer.

Tortuga became the serene and peaceful home of colored fishermen, and Kingston gradually put off its wickedness to become a model town. Jamaica, St. Christopher, Martinique, San Domingo, New Providence and other islands that were once the riotous homes of the Buccaneers were developed into law-abiding places

The inlets along the Atlantic coast of the United States, where the West India pirates once careened their ships, are now pleasure resorts for hosts of happy people. The promontories of New England and the mud flats near Charleston, S. C., where gibbets once held aloft scores of bodies to the sun and storm, are now the embellished sites of palatial homes. Henceforth, the ocean will be sailed from shore to shore with perfect safety and in luxurious ease. Electricity and steam have ushered in a golden age for the waters of the world, while the twentieth

century promises that "those who go down to the sea in ships" shall fear no more.

Peace and freedom shall prevail where oppression and terror once reigned, for the cruel hand and grinding heel of Spain have been lifted forever from the Spanish Main.